BEGIN TO-DAY! Don't Miss the Opening Chapters of "Samson," the Season's Greatest Serial Story, From the Great Play by Henry Bernstein **BEGIN TO-DAY!**

THE WEATHER
Fair and warmer to-night and Sunday; light southwest winds.

BOSTON AMERICAN

8 P.M. EDITION

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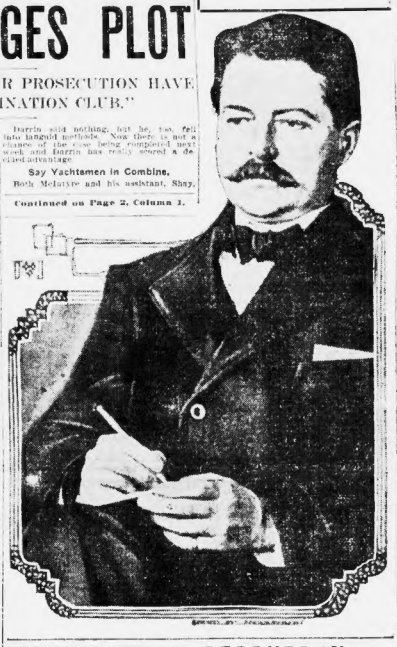
THORNTON HAINS CHARGES PLOT

SAYS WITNESSES FOR PROSECUTION HAVE FORMED "ASSASSINATION CLUB."

T. Jenkins Hains, on Trial for Life, from Latest Photograph



NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—T. Jenkins Hains, on trial in the Supreme Court at Flushing for murder in the first degree, in aiding his brother to kill William E. Annis, declared to-day over his signature in a statement to the BOSTON AMERICAN that the witnesses for the prosecution had formed an "assassination club to take his life."

"The witnesses of the prosecution HAVE FORMED THEMSELVES INTO AN ASSASSINATION CLUB, to take the life of an innocent man. Revenge, and only revenge, prompts such infamy. Those are brave men who ran away on the day of the shooting, even when they had my brother's pistol in their possession, and now, when their lives are in no danger, coolly their home, refuse to face my lawyer's questions."

John F. McIntyre, chief counsel for Hains, backed up the statement of his client in regard to the prosecution's witnesses from among the Bayside Yacht club. He hinted at an alleged conspiracy to send Jenkins Hains to the electric chair.

Captain Peter C. Hains will be the star witness for the defence in the trial of his brother if the four medical experts engaged by Lawyer John F. McIntyre can agree about the army officer's present physical condition.

Three of these physicians, according to information given exclusively to the AMERICAN to-day, have told Mr. McIntyre and his principal assistant, Joseph A. Kaye that the captain is competent to testify. They say that the man who actually killed Annis is to-day in full possession of his mental faculties, but with a tendency to lapses of memory.

If the right moment is chosen they declare he can take the stand and tell the real story of the shooting as no one else can, and pass safely through the ordeal of a cross-examination.

The fourth member of the corps of physicians does not agree with this, and asserts that Captain Hains, if subjected to such a line of questioning as Prosecutor Darrin, and Elmer S. White would necessarily compel him to face, would collapse utterly and that he might even become at once a raving maniac.

Darrin said nothing, but he, too, fell into languid methods. Now there is not a chance of the case being completed next week and Darrin has really scored a decided advantage.

Say Yachtsmen in Combine.

Both McIntyre and his assistant, Shay,

Continued on Page 2, Column 1.

GIRL POISONED DIG UP BODY

Mystery In Death of 12-Year-Old Catherine Kelleher Probed by District Attorney—Ptomaines Alleged Cause of Child's Illness.

Medical Examiner Thomas M. Durell, of Somerville, to-day secured permission from the Arlington Board of Health to exhume from its grave in St. Paul's cemetery, Arlington, the body of twelve-year-old Catherine Kelleher, daughter of Mrs. Mary Kelleher of Somerville, six members of whose family have died within the past three years. The death return for Catherine Kelleher gives ptomaine poisoning as the cause.

Dr. Durell secured authority from District Attorney John J. Higgins of Middlesex county to ask a permit for exhumation from the Arlington Board of Health. District Attorney Higgins says that his action was to satisfy an element of suspicion which had arisen as a result of frequency of deaths in Mrs. Kelleher's family."

It is reported that when the body is exhumed those conducting the examination will look for traces of slow arsenical poisoning.

In Jail Under Arson Charge.

It is declared that mystery surrounds these six deaths. The Cambridge police say that the deceased members of the family were insured for amounts that varied from $50 to $2,500. The police have been trying to ascertain how much, if any, money Mrs. Kelleher possesses.

Mrs. Kelleher is at present in East Cambridge jail under a charge of arson. She is accused by the Cambridge police of setting fire to the home of Andrew J. Lovell at No. 144 Upland road, North Cambridge, on December 11. The police declare she fired three separate times. She is held under $800 bonds and will be brought into Cambridge District Court Monday morning to be arraigned on the arson charge.

In strong defence of Mrs. Kelleher, her sister, Mrs. Kate Troy of No. 6 Sicham street, Somerville, said to-day:

"I will not believe my sister poisoned any of them—her family's or caused their deaths. I believe they all died from natural causes. If my sister set fire to Mr. Lovell's house she must have done so while temporarily deranged as the result of grief over the deaths of her husband and child.

Defended by Her Sister.

"Mary was always a hard working woman. I was present at all six funerals, and my sister grieved and mourned at each one of them, especially after the death of her daughter, Catherine, last July.

"If Mary is mentally unbalanced, it is because of all she has been through. The last time I saw her was at Catherine's funeral, when I came down from Peterborough, N. H., where I had been living. I don't know anything more about the illness of the various members of the fam-

Continued on Page 4, Column 3.

GENTRAL FALLS THREATENED BY $150,000 FIRE

Flames Destroy Entire Block in Business Centre of Rhode Island City.

Special to the Boston American.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 19.—The entire block between Broad, Foundry and Pales streets, in the heart of Central Falls, was threatened by a fire which did at least $150,000 damage to-day. Failure of the high-water pressure allowed the fire to spread.

The fire destroyed the Jacques Carter block on Broad street, burned out the Dr. Nevens block at the corner of Broad and Foundry streets, the next building north; then worked the other way and endangered the Auger block at the corner of Broad and Pales street.

Several small buildings and tenements in the rear were imperilled. It was thought the street spaces on the north, south and front would check the flames, while a high ledge offered a barrier in the rear.

Help was sent from this city and Valley Falls. Fire Chief A. C. Butler of this city sent five hose companies and wagons as steamers were not supposed to be necessary on account of the mains high-pressure service. From cold wealth or for some other cause this service failed at the critical time. Word was sent here for the two emergency fire steamers, which were kept in service. These steamers, which have not been used at a fire in ten years, were hastily brought out and sent over the road to Central Falls.

Hundreds of residents of the section of the fire hustled out their household goods, which it was seen that the flames were getting beyond control. The entire section was aroused and alarmed and rushed to the general pandemonium.

Mrs. Leonard Horton of Hose 1 cut his right foot badly kicking in a pane of glass as he was hurrying home. His was the only injury reported.

GOMEZ SEIZES REINS; CASTRO ARMS FOR WAR

BERLIN, Dec. 19.—Upon the receipt today of a telegram from one of his closest adherents that Acting President Gomez had declared himself the President of Venezuela, Cipriano Castro immediately opened negotiations with Loewe & Co. for the purchase of 50,000 Mauser rifles of the "98" pattern.

If the suspected treachery of Gomez is confirmed, Castro will plunge Venezuela into a civil war in an effort to regain his power.

Castro will be removed to Dr. Israel's sanitarium to-morrow for a week's stay, during which time Dr. Israel will put him on a diet, cut down his drinking and force the simple life upon him in order to shape him up for a diagnosis.

Dr. Israel soon saw that the only way to curb Castro's unruly ways is to put him in virtual confinement. The experiment will be a good thing for the doctor financially, as Castro has rented the entire establishment for the week.

COLOMBIAN TROOPS MASSED READY TO INVADE VENEZUELA

PARIS, Dec. 19.—Four thousand Colombian troops are massed on the Venezuelan frontier, preparatory to an invasion the moment the disorders in Venezuela reach a crisis, according to private messages that were received here to-day.

Gloom reigned in the Dorchester end of the sewer division to-day when an order was received from City Hall to temporarily suspend Foreman James F. Lucey and thirty of the subordinate employes, the latter chiefly laborers at $2.25 per day.

The suspensions were made necessary by lack of work for the men, and Superintendent of Streets Guy C. Emerson stated that as soon as the work warranted it the men would be reemployed.

SUSPEND 30 IN CITY YARD

SAVED PAPERS, WOMAN NEAR DEATH IN FIRE

After saving her husband's valuable papers from a serious fire which endangered their home at No. 69 Bickford street, Jamaica Plain, shortly before noon to-day, Mrs. Max F. Friedman was overcome by the dense smoke and was taken from the house by firemen of engine 14 after she had been prevented from jumping to the street from a window.

Mrs. Rose Kornbloom, who has been ill for the past few days, and Miss Rose Weinstein, nineteen years old, who was living with her on the top floor of the three-story apartment house, were also partly overcome by the smoke and suffered from the shock.

The fire was caused by an overheated furnace. Early in the morning Mrs. Friedman had lighted the furnace and then gone upstairs. She was on the second floor when she noticed the thick smoke and ran downstairs. The first floor in the front part of the house was ablaze, but Mrs. Friedman ran through the smoke to a safe and took out its contents.

Then rushing to a window she started to jump, but a fireman stopped her while another went into the house and brought her out unconscious.

Mr. Friedman was at work in a nearby shoe factory, and he ran home, but the fire was out when he reached there. Damage amounted to $500.

X-RAY SHOWS MAN HAS TWO HEARTS

TOLEDO, Dec. 19.—Dr. Don Tuohis, head physician of the Modern Woodmen, reports that he had an X-ray photograph taken of the chest and abdomen of Ira J. Salvage, United States soldier, who has two hearts. He is apparently in perfect physical condition. Only one of the hearts is in active use. Both are perfectly normal, the ventricle appendix is on the left side, and there is a similar transposition of all the other organs.

MANY HURT IN TRAIN CRASH AT PITTSFIELD

PITTSFIELD, Dec. 19.—Two men were seriously injured, one probably fatally, by a collision between the Harlem express for New York running into a switch engine which tried to beat the express across a junction two miles east of here on the North Adams branch of the Boston & Albany railroad to-day. Many passengers were bruised. The men worst injured are:

Frederick Munger, engineer, legs broken and internally hurt.

William Harris, fireman on the same engine.

Both men were brought to their homes in this city.

The passenger train was running very fast and its occupants, hundreds of passengers was nothing less than a miracle. It never left the track but its pilot and headlight were ripped off like so much paper as it threw the switch engine clear off the rails and sent it rolling over on its side.

The engine is used to help heavy trains over a stiff grade in a mountainous section of Pittsfield on a track which crossed the one on which the Harlem express was coming at a sharp angle. Both trucks formed a ghost letter X. The engine and express were both running toward Pittsfield.

The passengers were thrown from their seats and piled in the forward ends of the six cars, and many were bruised, but no grateful words fell for their marvelous escape that they should have been killed, or speak of. The train went on after a new engine was sent to it and an hour's time had been lost.

BANK INSURANCE FOR GAS CO. MEN

Believing the Savings Bank Insurance and old age pension law, recently enacted, to be a good thing for the employes of the company, the heads of departments of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company, at their meeting last evening, voted that the Boston Consolidated Gas Company act as agent, without charge, for one of the savings banks, authorized to effect the insurance and old age annuity under the law.

OUTWITS McINTYRE IN PLAN TO GET CHRISTMAS VERDICT

By the United Press.

FLUSHING, L. I., Dec. 19.—Thornton Jenkins Hains will not hear his fate by Christmas Day, and the pet plan of the defence to sum up the case on the eve of that day will go for naught.

This was definitely foreshadowed to-day when District Attorney Darrin informed those interested that he saw no chance of completing the people's case before the middle or latter part of next week.

Darrin has been severely criticised for his management of the case, and in this instance he has outgeneraled the defence's clever lawyer, McIntyre, who had our experience with a criminal case getting before a jury on Christmas eve, when Payne Moore, New York's alleged lodger, was acquitted in the face of what McIntyre, who was prosecuting, considered clear evidence—stirred to sifting the case out by lengthy cross-examination of the people's witnesses in order that he might complete it Thursday night.

PLOT TO SLAY KING FOILED

LONDON, Dec. 19.—A dispatch to a local news agency from Lisbon states that a plot to assassinate King Manuel has been frustrated. King Manuel's recent hurried return to Lisbon from Oporto with bells galloping and in a closed carriage, gave rise to much comment at the time.

An expolice officer of the name of Jaime Mandes confessed after he attempted to commit suicide by poison. He admitted to his counsel and to the authorities that there was a plot to kill the King the day of his arrival in Oporto. Mandes declared that he had planned to shoot the King in a way station in a position where he could easily be assassinated. He failed.

The King only escaped death owing to the great speed which he went through the streets. It is believed that Mandes is a member of some secret society.

"BOSTON HEROINE" OF BIG QUAKE DEAD

Mrs. Ethel Maud Collopy, better known as the "Boston Heroine," is dead at her home, No. 11 Sheridan street, Neponset, of consumption.

The late Mrs. Collopy earned the title two years ago in Jamaica, where she was the only woman who answered the call for volunteer nurses sent out by the Governor of the Island after the earthquake and her courage and wonderful forbearance in attending to the sufferers made her a second Florence Nightingale. She leaves a daughter, Marion, aged 10.

MARQUETTE IN, 4 DAYS LATE

The Red Star liner Marquette, four days overdue from Antwerp, arrived here today with 3,500 tons of Christmas toys and champagne, wines and brandies, shipped for the Christmas market. As one of the waterfront men expressed it when he heard about the Marquette's cargo:

"She's about the biggest brandy float on record."

The big steamer had a tough trip. She cleared from Antwerp on December 5, but had to lie to two days in the river Sheldo on account of fog.

She tried across the Atlantic to make up the two days, but ran into a succession of gales that culminated in a hurricane. For forty-eight hours none of the officers or crew slept. The Marquette on some days made only 120 miles instead of 300 she should have logged. She brings twenty-five saloon passengers.

DISMISS JURY IN $65,000 SUIT

After continuous efforts for eighteen hours to get together in assessing damages, a jury in the United States Circuit Court yesterday found that it was a useless task to expect any agreement, and was discharged. The action was to recover $65,000 for damages, brought against the Boston & Maine Railroad by Alice R. Mansell and Warren G. Partridge, as administrator for Philip P. Partridge of Philadelphia.

On August 15, 1907, a train backed into a carriage, in which Partridge was driving at Kennebunkport, Me., and Partridge and Isabella sustained injuries on the collision, she dying two days later. She is the administratrix of the estate of the man killed for $15,000.

ENRICHES WIFE HE TRIED TO DIVORCE

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 19. Mystery surrounds the transfer of $1,000,000 worth of property by David T. Hanbury, wealthy Englishman, to his wife. Mary Mansfield Hanbury, whom he tried to divorce less than a year ago. Hanbury's health is not good, and it is thought that the transfer is being made to prevent his family in England from getting the property.

RESCUES IN BROCKTON FIRE

BROCKTON, Dec. 19.—Eleven lives were in peril and three homes desolated by fire that wrecked an apartment house at No. 229-231 Belmont avenue at 3.40 o'clock this morning, with a loss of $5,000.

Two infants, one 12 with pneumonia, were carried through stifling smoke out into the bitter cold. Carrie Halbrook, aged 17 and totally blind, was rescued by her sister, Harriet, only 11 years old, who guided the blind girl to safety unmindful of the danger.

All the tenants, who fled scantily clad, suffered severely from the cold.

VICTORY FOR CAB DRIVERS

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—The striking cab drivers and tonneau operators gained a signal victory to-day when nearly two of the forty-six companies signed a flat rate of $2.00 in all, in response to an ultimatum delivered to them by the strikers' committee that the cars be willing to accede to the demands of the men.

This means that the drivers and chauffeurs in the employ of these companies will return to work immediately.

When the demands of the strikers were laid before the Taxicab Association and before its every member, including Percy Rockefeller, Alice R. Mansell and Warren G. Partridge, as administrator for Philip P. Partridge of Philadelphia.

On August 15, 1907, a train backed into a carriage, in which Partridge was driving at Kennebunkport, Me., and Partridge and Isabella sustained injuries on the collision, she dying two days later. She is the administratrix of the estate of the man killed for $15,000.

MAY BUILD PANAMA CANAL AT SEA LEVEL

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—The Panama canal may after all be a sea-level waterway instead of a lock ditch. There has been much talk of late that the Colombia terms for the Gatun and other dams are not strong enough to support the structures. A corps of engineers will be selected by President-elect Taft to make examinations, and if their report favors such a construction regarding the foundations, the canal will be a sea-level ditch. This committee will accompany the President-elect on his trip to the isthmus.

FREE! Holiday Megaphone *In Today's Boston.* A Merry Xmas Toy *With Every Coupon in* Tomorrow's Sunday American. **FREE!**

THORNTON HAINS ADVISING COUNSEL

Sketched in Court by Artist Forsythe.

Thornton Hains Declares Sympathy for Mrs. Annis

Mrs. Annis has my deepest sympathy. My impression of Mrs. Annis is that she is a very handsome woman. I never had a chance to see her closely before. I did not see her after the shooting at Bayside nor did I threaten her or menace her in any way with either pistol or hands. Mr. Birchfield handed in that little piece of falsehood for the simple purpose of creating adverse feeling against me.—*T. Jenkins Hains.*

MANY CHANGES IN GREAT TOUR VOTE STANDING

Hundreds of candidates and thousands of friends of candidates in the BOSTON AMERICAN'S great European Tour contest for Sunday school teachers will note with interest in to-morrow's SUNDAY AMERICAN the changes in the standing in all the nine voting districts.

The voting Friday, up to five minutes before the closing hour for the week, was nearer than on any day since the contest opened. Thousands of ballots and Special Ballots were cast.

The work of counting all the votes for Friday alone will not be completed until late to-night.

The Special Ballot method of voting has simply changed the complexion of the contest entirely. It is interesting to many readers and their friends that it is only easier to get subscriptions to the BOSTON AMERICAN than to get votes working under the Special Ballot.

With every subscription turned in to the candidate, or to any one on behalf of a candidate, the AMERICAN gives one Special Ballot, which counts 1,000 votes.

Read the list of candidates carefully in to-morrow and then vote by Special Ballot next week.

SANTA CLAUS FOR B. F. KEITH'S PATRONS

There have been numerous inquiries at Keith's Theatre about Santa Claus next week, and the young folk particularly will be interested in the announcement made by Mr. Keith that the old gentleman will be there. He has been such a prominent feature in Keith's every Christmas week, with the special feature of a christmas tree on the stage on which the presents will be distributed to the children in the course of a performance. It will seem Santa Claus and his reindeer, then disappear, and after a few minutes, then down the chimney, after appearing on the stage. Santa will be provided with the largest sack ever seen, and the presents will be distributed from it. Matinees and afternoons

"BRAINSTORM" TO BE DEFENCE FOR GIRL'S SLAYER?

FRIENDS OF YOUNG HARMON DISCUSS PLANS TO SAVE HIM.

The fight to save from the electric chair Young James H. Harmon, who yesterday shot and killed pretty Maud Hough Hartley near her home in Somerville, while she was waiting for a Boston bound car, was begun today in earnest on two fronts.

The boy's father, Sergeant Harmon of the Somerville Police Department, consulted with attorneys, and a plan was discussed to assert that the boy was mentally deranged and did not know what he was doing when he shot down his former school chum and sweetheart.

The mother of Harmon will be one of the chief witnesses in the case. She will testify that on Thursday evening, the night before the shooting, her son told her that his head ached and that he thought he was going to have another "brainstorm." The boy used that reminder one of the many times that frequently the mother said.

Mrs. E. Agnes Hartley, M. D., the mother of the dead girl, said today that she was of the opinion that Harmon's mind was deranged when he fired the shot that spelled out the life of her pretty and popular daughter.

To Hold Funeral Monday.

The Hartley home was one of sadness today. Both mother and sister sister of the dead girl are prostrated by the tragedy. Arrangements for the funeral of the slain girl have been made for Monday afternoon. Many of the school girl and boy friends of Miss Hartley will attend the funeral.

Harmon is in the East Cambridge Jail—the same jail which held Charles Louis Tucker who suffered death for the killing of Mabel Page. He has acted in a dazed manner since he passed through the hands of police in Medford yesterday more than a mile from the scene of the shooting.

"I don't remember anything—my head aches now—my head has been aching."

These are some of the rambling statements of the prisoner.

It was brought out on today that the parents of young Harmon had decided that he might do some harm to some one and that the question of having him examined as to his mental condition had been discussed by them. A reluctance to have the matter made public caused them to drop the matter.

It is said that the boy even threatened Miss Hartley before. She appeared at a business school in the Lyceum Building not long ago with tears in her eyes. She said that a friend had threatened to kill her.

The lad was a cigarette victim, smoking several packages a day. He had been under the weeks to sleep, but of late headaches which at times almost maddened him. All this was completely beyond control not hold a job as chauffeur on account of his erratic actions and had it not been within a week threatened to do something rash if his prospects did not improve.

Father Hid Weapon.

So impressed was his father with the boy's mental state that he always kept his revolver hidden, but yesterday in his hurry to get to the scene of the shooting, this, where he is a sergeant, forgot to take this precaution, and the boy got the weapon and killed Miss Hartley.

Sergeant Harmon makes the following statement:

"My wife and I have noticed that Jim wasn't right for a long time. Some days I thought it was a case of a boy's worry and he'd outgrow it, but we tried hard to get him to give up the cigarettes. He tried several times, but always would go back into the habit.

"He had an impulsive temper, but we thought his natural kindness would more than offset it. He had a tender and loving heart, possible. He was extremely sensitive about his inability to get work and felt that at his age and so big and strong he was a burden to us. He seemed to, and he said twice lately that if things didn't brighten up he'd do something unusual to them on his own.

Talked to Son in Cell.

"Last week he was morose and erratic. He suddenly stopped talking and at times his actions were downright foolish. He never told his mother of his trouble about any disagreement with Miss Hartley. We knew Jim liked her and had known her since school days, but we did not even think it was calf love.

"We never dreamed that it was affection for him that was even a partial cause for his eccentricities. I talked to him after he gave himself up, but could get no word from him than the other policemen.

"He told me he had a headache, and that all day his head had been buzzing. He said he remembered nothing of the shooting."

Mrs. Harmon said that her son spent Thursday evening at home.

"He sat in the kitchen almost all the evening," she said, "apparently in deep study. He was impatient with his sister and ordered her to bed. She said that she noticed that there was a strange look around his eyes.

"I asked him what the matter was and he said that he thought he was going to have another brainstorm. He often used the expression and at times I felt that he didn't feel right in his head. He suffered from terrible headaches.

"He went to bed about 10 o'clock, and in the morning when I went to call him his oldest sister he asked why he should get up. He said he didn't see any reason that no one had a right to disturb him. He got up, however, and ate a light breakfast. He left the house at about 8 o'clock and I have no idea what is in his right mind and hasn't been for some time."

The man for whom Harmon last drove a car said:

"Jim was very erratic. Often when I'd ask him to slow he'd go faster and go like the old boys of nerve, but was of fast. He had heaps of nerve, but was a very ugly temper. He hardly ever raised and seldom looked straight at your eye. Once or twice I had to reprove him and he always answered in such extreme bitterness in his own quiet way."

The boy's father has at his own request been relieved of duty to make plans for the young man's defence.

Girl's Mother Talks.

"I shall retain counsel, and we will immediately ask the opinion of alienists as to the boy's sanity," said Sergeant Harmon.

Dr. E. Agnes Hartley, the mother of the girl, whose grief is almost beyond bounds, Sergeant Harmon must be insane.

"I feel so sorry for the mother," she said. "I have not the slightest ill feeling for him, as I know he must be deranged. He spent all Wednesday evening at my house and with Maud had a jolly time.

"You know his home is just back of mine in Hanson street, and often he came in for a visit. It was so convenient. He was only one of three or four boys who often visited us. He never had any quarrel with Maud in all his life.

"She was always laughing and joking when here and often walked to school with her.

"His father did not want him to come to my house, and asked me in discovering him. I declined to do so, and I think now the boy worried because of his father's attitude.

Dr. Hartley has another daughter, Miss Carrie E. Hartley, nineteen years old, stenographer in Boston. Maud graduated from the grammar school in 1903 and went to high school for a year. Then she studied stenography and with her sister was among the most popular girls in the set in Somerville. The family moved there six years ago.

Harmon is just past eighteen years of age. He is five feet ten inches tall and 170 pounds weight and like his father is an athlete. He never was arrested or had trouble with the police before.

Young Harmon lived with his parents at 9 Hanson street. He is a well set up built, fine looking man. He is a chauffeur and had once been appointed a special by Mayor Edward Gilkes of Somerville. Lately he has not been working.

The shooting was apparently done with the greatest premeditation. Miss Hartley had been employed only a week and had left Harmon to work. She walked from her home in Cherry street to the corner of Highland avenue. She stood there waiting for the car. The car had stopped and she started forward to ascend the steps.

Then the young man who had been waiting nearby ran forward. He had a pistol in his right hand. He drew close as a second built, fine looking man. He is a chauffeur and had once been appointed a special by Mayor Edward Gilkes of Somerville. Lately he has not been working.

The shooting was apparently done with the greatest premeditation. Miss Hartley had been employed only a week and had left Harmon to work. She walked from her home in Cherry street to the corner of Highland avenue. She stood there waiting for the car. The car had stopped and she started forward to ascend the steps.

Then the young man who had been waiting nearby ran forward. He had a pistol in his right hand. He drew close as a second girl and fired. The bullet grazed her neck and was shocked and staggered forward.

Rushing right up to her Harmon caught Miss Hartley with his left arm and while she swayed in her fright, another bullet crashed out. It hit the girl in the back right between the shoulders. Clinging to her the fiend pressed the pistol and dragged her up to the entrance of the grounds of Prince Chandler.

Dropping the dying girl on the floor before Charles A. Prince, Harmon exclaimed: "There, she is dead."

Dashed Out of Store.

Mr. Prince stood stricken, silent. Harmon still carried his weapon in his right hand. He darted out of the store and into the grocer called for a doctor. Dr. W. L. Bodge, who lives right by, reached the scene. He and others bent over the girl but she failed to get her breath.

The blanched lips moved two or three times. But there was no sound. Then they grew white in death.

In the meantime Harmon had turned down Highland avenue. The passengers on the car stood almost in a panic. But the conductor rang the bell and the conductor pulled the bell and the car continued on.

A crowd collected and started after Harmon. Sergeant Hartley, father of the girl, gave him a wide berth. He walked into the police station, threw down his gun and gave himself up.

Later he was arraigned before Judge Wentworth in the Somerville Police Court. He pleaded not guilty to a charge of murder. He was held without bail.

One of the passengers on the car was Charles F. Butterworth, 2d, of Boston. He said:

"I was seated in the front part of the car. I heard a report. I thought a fuse had blown out. Then I heard another and got up and looked out. I got up with all of the others and saw a woman being carried into a store. I saw a young man walking away with a pistol in his hand. He wore a light slouch hat, turned down in the front.

"He pointed the gun at the crowd until he reached Hanson street and then ran for the railroad. They laid the woman down in the store."

FORMERLY LIVED IN RHODE ISLAND; GIRL'S PARENTS DIVORCED

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 19. Miss Maud Hartley, the seventeen-year old girl who was shot and instantly killed by a jealous admirer in Somerville, Saturday morning, was born in Ashton and lived in that village with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Fall River before moving to Somerville.

Dr. Hartley was a daughter of Mrs. Dr. E. Agnes Hartley and a granddaughter of Ashton, now divorced. The divorce was secured in Providence and the case was pending Mrs. Hartley went to Fall River and opened an office on Pleasant street, her two daughters going with her and Dr. Hartley remained in Ashton.

Mrs. Hartley, the girl's mother, was Miss Rebecca Agnes Hough, daughter of James Hough, superintendent of the Peacedale Mills at one time, residing in Ashton from Manchester, N. H. When Miss Hough was quite young she married William Hartley of Ashton, a storekeeper. They lived together some few years, and two daughters were born to them. Afterwards Mrs. Hartley applied for a divorce.

From Fall River Mrs. Hartley and her daughters moved to Pawtucket and this city, for brief periods, and then to Somerville. The father of Mrs. Hartley lived in Pawtucket for a number of years and his family is well known there. William Hartley, the divorced husband and father of the murdered girl, still lives in Ashton Miss Hough, soon after securing her divorce from Hartley, was sent to college by her husband. She received her medical education at that time.

CALL MASS MEETING AT JAMAICA PLAIN

The Russell Club of Jamaica Plain, through President Henry E. Lawler and secretary T. J. Gately, has issued a call for a mass meeting to-night at Eliot hall to consider a suggestion for remodelling the old Hall building, now municipal building, with gymnasium and swimming pool, or for the structure recently damaged by fire. The mass meeting is to be held in Eliot Hall. Institutions have been issued to the city government, and the business men of Jamaica Plain district.

STOVE WAS RED HOT, BUT HE DIDN'T MIND

JERSEY CITY, Dec. 19. A parlor stove stolen from in front of the furniture store of Thomas Schnitzer on First and Grove streets, Jersey City, was tossed in a wagon in the neighborhood, Schnitzer was notified, and went to the house. There was a fire in the stove. Schnitzer grasped the stove, which was red hot, and carried it through the street several blocks to his store.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c. ★★

VICTIM OF SOMERVILLE TRAGEDY WITH SCHOOLMATES.

Miss Maud Hough Hartley is indicated in the group by the white circle.

NEW ENGLAND WOMEN NOT SO VERY 'BLUE'

Seth Low, former president of Columbia College and once Mayor of New York, says that New England women are not as "blue" as painted and that the severely intellectual "blue stocking" type of the feminine person is not so plentiful in this section as to characterize its gentler population as a whole. He made this statement at the dinner which was a part of the celebration in New York of the fourteenth anniversary of the National Society of New England Women.

"It might have been expected," he said, "that at a New England dinner there would have been a volume of Emerson at each plate, and if not, that at least a New England penny on the bill of fare."

There was neither.

Mr. Low told the story of one kind of a Boston girl. "It was in a street car in Boston," he said, "and a young woman was sitting there with a volume of Emerson that she was reading in one hand and her other in a muff, when a young Harvard student entered the car and took his seat beside her and took possession also, as soon after as possible, of the hand in the muff. The young woman raised her eyes and looked daggers at him.

"Sir," she said, "I will give you twenty dollars to let go of that hand."

The New England women laughed appreciatively.

It is the New England conscience that makes for strength, confidence, power, and spirit," Mr. Low said.

"I was going up into the New England States, he continued, telling a story to illustrate the confidence overworked, and a friend volunteered to send me a few fresh salmon. I gave him the address of a New Hampshire woman where I was to stop. The salmon arrived on Friday, and was due the next day. But though knowing that the package contained a fish, the New England woman could not force herself to open it because it was addressed to Mr. Seth Low. She put it in the cellar to await my arrival. It chanced that I did not reach there until the following Monday, and after finding my fish I was in doubt about what I should say to my friend. I finally wrote him: 'I never in my life before saw a salmon like that.'"

ASK FUNDS FOR GIRLS' HOTEL

The Rev. George L. Perin, president of the society which conducts the Franklin Square House, a hotel for self-supporting girls, now in Boylston street, has issued a call for a meeting to-night at the Boylston Street Young Women's Christian Association, to ask for funds for the erection of a new building in an advantageous location. The Franklin Square House, a hotel for self-supporting girls, now in Boylston street, has issued a call for a meeting to-night at the Boylston Street Young Women's Christian Association, to ask for funds for the erection of a new building in an advantageous location.

The Rev. George L. Perin, president of the society which conducts the

HUNDREDS SAY 'YES' TO THE $18 LIVING PROBLEM

Thirty Awards

FOR the best letters solving the problem of living expenses, as presented in "Paid in Full," the sociological play now current at the Colonial Theatre, the BOSTON AMERICAN will pay:

One cash award.....$25
One cash award..... 10
Three cash awards..... 5
Twenty-five awards, each of one pair of the best seats for a performance of "Paid in Full" at the Colonial Theatre.

Although the prize contest is only three days old, hundreds of letters have poured into the BOSTON AMERICAN office answering the $18-a-week living problem based upon the motive of "Paid in Full," the enormously interesting play now running at the Colonial Theatre.

Judging from the tenor of the letters already received, the prizes may be considered settled. Five, that is to say, for a man and his wife to live comfortably and decently on $18 a week, while spread interest in the problem, from persons who have more than $18 a week to spend, down to that few American people are waking to the existing condition as affecting capital and labor.

Some of these letters are printed today. Others may be among them, but it is receiving proper consideration just the same. It may "make" or "break" one of the other twenty-nine prizes, even though not settled.

So many answers are coming in that it is out of the question for the AMERICAN to publish all.

If you have entered the competition do not be discouraged. Keep your letters within two weeks and write only on one side of the paper.

Remember that 50 tickets to "Paid in Full," the great play of domestic life produced by Wagenhals & Kemper at the Colonial Theatre, will be given away by the BOSTON AMERICAN in twenty-five cash prizes.

In addition there will be cash prizes amounting to $50 a first prize of $25, a second of $10 and third prize of $15 for the best letter detailing how a man and his wife can get along and live comfortably within the $18 a week limit.

All letters are to be addressed to "Paid in Full" Editor, BOSTON AMERICAN.

A few of the letters already received are given below:

Gets $16 and Saves, Too.

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

In regards to your question I will give you my idea how a married couple can live on $18 per week:

Rent per week	$3.50
Groceries	5.00
Meat	3.00
Fuel	1.00
Vegetables	1.00
Total	$13.50

For personal effects and clothing $3.50 a week. I can save $1 a week for illness or necessities. I am saving money on $16 per week. C. D. F.

468 Hanover street, Boston.

One Woman's Way.

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

My solution of the $18-a-week salary problem:

Groceries and provisions	$5.00
Meat	6.00
Fuel	1.50
Gas	.50
Carfare	1.00
Clothing	2.00
Clothing and incidentals	2.00
Total	$18.00

MRS. C. E. POWELL.
9 Richardson street, Malden.

Make Out a Schedule.

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

I submit the following itemized statement, showing how, from actual experiences, I myself have lived on $18 a week. To my mind the difficulty in the majority of cases lays in couples not having any set schedule for the outlay of their weekly earnings, and many of those having considerable not adhering to them:

Food	$6.00
Rent (rate of $20 per mo.)	4.60
Cleaning (lending at home)	.75
Gas	.50
Coal (allowing for rate of $7 per ton)	1.75
Car fare	.50
Pleasures (theatre, theatre, etc.)	2.00
Clothing (wife, $100; husband, $75 yearly)	3.40
	$19.00

ADA M. HOLLAND.
No. 60 St. Botolph street, Boston.

A Solution from Lynn.

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

I know a man and wife can live on $18 a week. We do. This is the way I spend it:

Rent	$4.00
Coal	2.00
Gas	.50
Food for two weeks	5.00
Clothing	2.00
Car fare for two weeks	1.00
Sundries, daily and Sunday	1.00
Total	$15.50

MAE F. ROMAINE.
No. 5 School street, Lynn, Mass.

Grandpa In On It, Also.

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

I'll ask if a man and wife can live on a salary of $18 a week. I say they can and solve the problem. I get my meals and still have a dollar left. My wife gets her meals and still have a dollar. Mother and father-in-law are provided for and still have a dollar. My children are provided for and still have a dollar. Now, I ask you, how much more can you want? I am a happy man and a happy husband and a happy father and a happy grandpa. Now, I ask you, how much more can you want? I am a happy man and a happy husband and a happy father and a happy grandpa. Now, I ask you, how much more can you want?

Rent	$4.00
Coal	2.00
Gas	.50
Food for two weeks	5.00
Clothing	2.00
Car fare for two weeks	1.00
Sundries, daily and Sunday	1.00
Total	$15.50

MRS. L. F. OLIVER.
No. 177 Williams avenue, Lynn.

$1 for the Rainy Day.

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

My answer to your problem, "Do you think a man and wife can live on $18 a week nicely?"

Rent	$ 3.50
Coal	1.50
Gas	.50
Groceries	5.00
Meat	2.00
Milk	1.00
Car money	.50
Total	$14.00

Leaving $4 for clothing, etc. Now, if you will be seen by the above figures you should be able to save $1 a week for a rainy day.

HERBERT HALEY.
No. 98 Williams street, Chelsea.

Mr. Bean Saves $3.

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

I think that my sample can live very comfortable on the following items:

Rent	$ 3.50
Groceries	5.00
Butcher's bills	3.00
Fuel	1.00
Clothing	2.00
Incidentals	1.00
	$15.50

Leaving $3 for a rainy day. Groceries, meat and carfares are figured if in excess for three persons.

H. BEAN.
No. 611 Washington street.

SENTENCE RUEF TO-DAY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 19.—Abe Ruef will appear before Judge Lawlor to-day for sentence. It is rumored that Francis J. Heney and Dodge will ask for a continuance on the ground that they have not had sufficient time to secure affidavits and other data.

Keep Laughter on Tap

for the family by buying a full set of these fascinating comic books of pictures in color by Dirks and Opper.

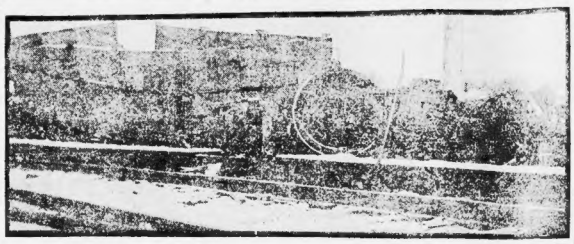
NEW THIS YEAR
The Komical Katzenjammers
Handy Happy Hooligan
Maud the Mirthful Mule
The Three Funmakers (A collection of the best of Maud, Happy and the Katzenjammers.)

PREVIOUS VOLUMES
The Cruise of the Katzenjammers — Maud the Matchless
The Tricks of the Katzenjammers — Maud
The Travels of Happy Hooligan — Happy Hooligan Home Again

Each, 10 x 15½ inches, in colors throughout, covers in colors, 50c
For sale at all Booksellers and Department Stores
Send for pamphlet of all the Comic Juveniles

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
Publishers 833-841 Fourth Avenue New York

Wrecked Cars Piled in Heap on B. & M. Tracks by West Cambridge Crash



EXHUME BODY IN KELLEHER MYSTERY

Continued from First Page.

...ts, and do not know for how much each of the policies was issued.

It is said that Kelleher was insured for $1,000 each in the Prudential and Metropolitan companies.

The six members of Mrs. Kelleher's family who died were buried in Woodlawn cemetery, Everett. Somerville, Saturday.

Miss Annie Kelleher, daughter of Mrs. Kelleher, died March 19, 1901, at No. 211 Washington street, Somerville. Cause, consumption. Interment at Woodlawn cemetery, Everett.

Mrs. Kelleher, mother of Mrs. Kelleher, died May 19, 1901, at No. 211 Washington street, Somerville, of consumption. Interment at Woodlawn cemetery, Everett.

Mrs. Annie Kelleher, wife of Michael Kelleher, died March 19, 1902, at No. 211 Washington street, Somerville, of consumption. Interment at Woodlawn cemetery, Everett.

Michael Kelleher, Jr., died March 19, 1903, at No. 211 Washington street, Somerville, of consumption. Interment at Woodlawn cemetery, Everett.

Michael Kelleher, Sr., died March 19, 1904, at No. 211 Washington street, Somerville, of consumption. Interment at Woodlawn cemetery, Everett.

Mary Kelleher, died March 19, 1905, at No. 211 Washington street, Somerville, of consumption. Interment at Woodlawn cemetery, Everett.

Causes of Children's Deaths.

Mary Kelleher, three-year-old daughter of Mrs. Kelleher, died November 13, 1901, at No. 211 Lowell street, Somerville. Cause, cholera infantum. Interment at Woodlawn cemetery, Everett.

William Kelleher, nine-year-old son of Mrs. Kelleher, died February 28, 1903, at the Quincy street, Somerville, hospital. Cause, consumption. Interment at Woodlawn cemetery, Everett.

Catherine Kelleher, twelve-year-old daughter of Mrs. Kelleher, died June 30, 1903, at No. 7 Dunbar street, Somerville. Cause, consumption. Interment at Woodlawn cemetery, Everett.

St. Joseph's Church, Somerville, has no record of Michael Kelleher.

The only child of Mrs. Kelleher now living is Mary, who is in the care of Michael H. Tatum, real estate dealer, of Somerville. Mrs. Kelleher left her daughter in the care of Tatum when she went to the home of Mrs. Kelleher's sister, Mrs. Kelleher Donnelly, who stayed with her for a few days.

Three sons of all six members of the family were installed in Chamberlain W. A. Post, G. A. R., Somerville, last night. It says that the bodies of all were embalmed by Undertaker William Kelleher, and were buried by M. M. White of New street, of other bodies.

"To Take Precaution."

Following her arrest and rumors were circulated. The subsequent one by reporters is explained by the statement made today by District Attorney Higgins of the Middle district.

"The examination today is on the case of Mrs. Kelleher and Mrs. Donnelly," he said. "I do not know what the charges against them will be. I have not yet received the report of the chemists in charge of the examination of the stomachs of the bodies exhumed from the graves at Woodlawn cemetery, Everett. I have not yet received the report of Dr. Frank Dinsmore, an assistant, who has been making investigations in Somerville in an effort to ascertain if any of the deaths were due to poison. Until I get all the reports I cannot say what will be done."

Mrs. Donnelly, sister of Mrs. Kelleher, was arrested on the charge of murder in connection with the deaths of Mrs. Kelleher's children. Further details in connection with the exhumation will be published in the evening papers.

HOW COOKS OF SCHOOLS BAKE BOSTON BEANS

If Mrs. Harriet J. Austin of Batavia, N. Y., doesn't learn how to bake beans Boston's way and according to the best approved principles, Professor Edward Atkinson of Massachusetts, and Miss Maria Parloa, superintendent of the department of household science in the Public Schools.

Mrs. Austin, who appealed to the schools of Greater Boston for the best recipe for baked beans, has asked Boston to send to her the best recipe for baked beans, which she can find. She has received but one reply and that was from Mrs. Austin, which she declares is not the best recipe for baked beans. Mrs. Austin's letter to the Boston schools was as follows:

"I have received but one reply and that was from Mrs. Austin, which she declares is not the best recipe for baked beans. Mrs. Austin's letter to the Boston schools was as follows:

Two of the ways to bake beans were chosen from the Everett schools, and one recipe from Brookline. The Everett schools received their teachers and the mothers' clubs of the city were asked to send in recipes. These were sent to the schools, and one recipe from each school, or mothers' club, was selected and sent to Mrs. Austin. Mrs. Austin said she would not know which recipe was the best until she had tried them all, but she thought the following recipe, which was sent in by Mrs. Alice Bowman, a member of the Everett Mothers' Club, would be the best:

Hundreds Send Recipes.

The recipes which Miss Morris received by the hundred she carefully examined and selected the best. The BOSTON AMERICAN has received hundreds of letters, too, and has also selected what it thinks are the best. These will be sent to Mrs. Austin, who can choose for herself which she thinks is the best recipe for baked beans.

Mrs. Josephine Morris, supervisor of the department of household science in the Public Schools, received hundreds of recipes for baked beans, and she selected the best of these and sent them to Mrs. Austin. Mrs. Austin said she would not know which was the best recipe for baked beans until she had tried them all, but she thought the following recipe, which was sent in by Mrs. Alice Bowman, a member of the Everett Mothers' Club, would be the best:

From Two Other Schools.

Recipes for baked beans received from the Everett Schools:

One cup rye meal, one-half cup white flour, one cup Indian meal, one teaspoon soda and salt, one-half cup molasses and two cups sour milk. Stir the ingredients together and pour into a buttered mold, cover tightly and steam two hours. Remove the cover, sprinkle with salt and bake one hour.

The Bradbith School furnished this recipe for baked beans:

One quart beans, one pound pork, slice 1 tablespoonful each of pepper and salt. Parboil beans, the pepper and soda. Drain and put beans in bean pot. Mix molasses, salt and mustard and pour over beans. Put pork in the top and pour over enough of the liquid in which the beans were parboiled to cover the beans. Bake in moderate oven eight hours. Add water enough to keep beans moist during the baking.

Two cups beans, one pound pork, one tablespoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful pepper, one-half cup molasses, one teaspoonful mustard, one teaspoonful soda, one cup boiling water. Soak beans overnight in cold water, and cook until skins break. Put in bean pot with pork, which has been scored, and pack middle most fat to middle of pot. Mix molasses, salt, pepper, mustard and soda with one cup boiling water and pour over beans. Add enough boiling water to cover the beans.

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General News.

NEW YORK.—The transfer of the entire assets of the Dime Savings Bank of Brooklyn, $20,000,000 in cash and securities, from the old building at Fulton and Court and Remsen streets, to its new building at DeKalb avenue and Flatbush avenue, a move said to be the largest and a large sums of private deposits in the interior while it was being made.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Edward N. Phelps, former editor of the Kalamazoo Evening Telegraph and son of the late Congressman Charles E. Phelps, of Maine, who died in this city at the same time. He says that in his opinion the combination that the paper was the cause of the deaths of the editor and doubts he owes the paper $1,000.

PATTERSON, N. J.—Mrs. Mary K. Farrell of Midland park undoubtedly the oldest Methodist woman in the world, celebrated her 109th anniversary to-day. Mrs. Farrell was born in Morris County on December 19, 1799.

NEW YORK.—Mary Curry, a pretty woman of the underworld, who figured in the gossip of the tenderloin district and while papers were Bon Brandeis, Texas, was arrested in the Tenderloin district. Police Court today and held for examination. She was arrested in the Tenderloin district.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 19.—Policeman Edward Mears, twenty-six years old was thrown from his horse today and ground to death by the wheels of a Montgomery avenue car.

ALTON, O.—Gideon reports that O. C. Barber is the new president of the Diamond Match company were confirmed here today.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Reformers have forwarded a petition to Supreme Court Justice Trenchard demanding the reconvening of the October Grand Jury which refused to seek a powerful political "boss" and others charged with Sunday game selling.

HUB MERCHANT DIES AT CAMBRIDGE HOME

Joseph F. Burton, senior member of the wholesale coal firm of J. H. Burton & Son, of No. 131 Milk street, died today at his home, 67 Upland road, North Cambridge. He was fifty-six years old and had been in poor health for some time. He will be buried on 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon from the Wesley Methodist Church, North Cambridge, in wife, one son and one daughter, for twenty-two years.

TAKES POISON BY MISTAKE; MAY DIE

NEW HAVEN, Ct., Dec. 19.—Dr. Robert M. Tait, formerly physician to one branch of the Vanderbilt family, is in a critical condition from an overdose of morphine. It was taken in an unconscious condition by Dr. Tait's wife, who had been in poor mental health. His family says it was a mistake.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is Laxative Bromo Quinine

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

FREIGHT WRECK WORK OF TRAMP SAY ROAD MEN

Somebody tampered with a switch, rail and officials say it was tramps, early today and a 32-car freight train, drawn by a huge locomotive of the battleship type, ran onto the wrong track colliding with a string of empty coal cars on the Lexington division of the Boston & Maine at Hill's Crossing siding near the West Cambridge station.

The cars fell all over the main line, making it for more than five hours and causing great inconvenience to the hundreds of commuters from Belmont, Waverly and other towns on that division.

The train left the North Station yards at 2:30 o'clock this morning. It was in charge of Conductor Strong and G. H. Hollis, engineer. At West Cambridge they had orders to pick up several empty coal cars which were on a siding near Hill's Crossing. They backed down the main line to get them and while they were doing it somebody threw the switch, supplied the cars on a siding on the main line, where the engines were stored in the yards, instead of being dropped over on the main line.

The engineer did not know the change had been made and he found his heavy engine with its long line of cars running into the empty coal cars.

He jammed his air brakes down hard but the brakes were slippery and the momentum acquired was too great and in the engine hit the comparatively light steel supplied the cars a sling

John L. Will Have Another Story in Tomorrow's Boston Sunday American

GAMBLERS MIXED UP IN UMPIRE BRIBERY CASE

BOSTON AMERICAN SPORTS

NEWS AND NOTES OF THE BOXERS, GREAT AND SMALL

THREE WELL-KNOWN SWIMMERS WHO WILL COMPETE IN RACES AT SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

JOE RUDDY, NEW YORK A. C.

CHARLES DANIELS.

BUDD GOODWIN, NEW YORK, A. C.

SHRUBB IS MATCHED WITH LONGBOAT

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—Alfred Shrubb, the great English distance runner, accepted the challenge of Tom Longboat to run a race over the Marathon distance. He signed articles to meet the Indian at Madison Square Garden the early part of next month. Harry Pilcik, promoter of the race, said that the race would probably be held Jan. 8 or 9. The date will be announced Monday.

Fifteen minutes after Shrubb signed articles to meet the Indian he departed for Boston, where he will immediately begin training in the Harvard stadium.

Shrubb stated that he did not "hold the management up" for an extra thousand dollars as has been stated. His only reason for refusing to sign the agreement on Thursday he said was in the hopes of getting Longboat to agree to race him over shorter distances of ground.

While Shrubb is considered the greatest runner in the world at distances ranging from five to fifteen miles, few believe that he will be able to defeat the Indian over a course of 26 miles 385 yards. Shrubb himself is doubtful as to whether he will be able to negotiate the distance, and for that reason he claims it would be only fair for the Indian to race him over shorter distances in the event of Shrubb finishing behind Longboat over the Marathon distance.

Longboat and Tom Flanagan, his manager, are now in Canada, where they will remain until New Year's Day, when they will go to Buffalo, where the Indian will race Dorando over a fifteen-mile course. After that race Longboat will come to New York, where he will train for his race against Shrubb.

In the meanwhile Dorando will go West. He will run in St. Louis, Kansas City and Chicago.

M'FARLAND IS SELECTION OVER TAYLOR

Among the top professional bike riders the opinion prevails that Floyd McFarland has many of Champion Jimmy Michael's tricks, and in the Madison Square Garden, Dec. 31 match race on his home track he will have a chance to show his wares against the redoubtable whirlwind.

The Park Square indoor track is certainly right in mile

The Manchester middleweek in himself is very much surprise on his old stamping ground on him in Australia was unequaled for the art, as he was so faithfully for years in his line, and a win over such a McFarland, just at the end of his shining career is right with the

McFarland's wonderful jumps, which are the envy of his rivals, and his clever generalship, which make him so successful during the long grind of the six-day race, are to Morton do the necessary part of the pacing, saving himself, consequently he is capable of a greater form for any test of speed.

BOXING BITS OF NEWS

Four Japanese fish are appear in one of the Fitch-Langford battle in Boston on December 21.

Since the bout with Phil Brock, Young Corbett has been a "sick" a "sick" a "sick" boy now starring, sick to the ice wagon, kid, sick to the ice wagon, kid, sick to the ice wagon, kid

"Samson"

THE SEASONS GREATEST SERIAL STORY FROM THE GREAT PLAY BY HENRI BERNSTEIN AUTHOR OF "THE THIEF"

(A novelization of the play by Henri Bernstein, author of "The Thief" and "Israel," published by permission of Charles Frohman.)

By JOSEPH O'BRIEN.

William Gillette and Constance Collier in their greatest scene in "Samson."

CHAPTER I.

Courtship of Jacques Brachard

JACQUES BRACHARD, cousin of the count, sweeping the crossings of the streets of Marseilles for a few centimes, was the envy of the Imperial little daughter of the Marquise d'Angeline as he vigorously cleaned the way for her dainty feet to cross the muddy street.

Anne-Marie, walking gravely ahead of her governess, did not see Jacques, which was well, because she was very shabby and dirty, and she was very proud.

But there was an expression in her boy's face, already old, which Anne-Marie was to see often, and which, in after years, she was to remember. Jacques was a handsome lad, his shaggy mane, his dirty face and his tattered clothes could not hide the beauty of her pride. Marie, whose family was one of the most ancient and exclusive in Provence, looked down upon the peasantry, families in France are divided into two classes—the aristocracy and the scavenger of Marseilles.

There was nothing about Jacques Brachard that day, and it never left his sunny expanding soul, to make him think of his position in life. He took it with him when he went to steal a pile of straw in the open fronted garret in the Thieves' Corner. He stirred it around and went to sleep with it. He awoke and he never missed thinking of things that had never before troubled his boy's mind.

Anne-Marie was at school, because she was dirtier and more ragged than the other boys, they bullied and ostracized him until he turned upon them with the fury and rage of an animal at bay in his head and, with his natural strength, mastered them into respect for his strength.

That was a physical prowess which had presented no problem to his mind. In his career in the streets of Marseilles he had encountered many a class into pay to arrest pennies from fortune.

A Man and His Purpose.

Now there stirred in him, first the desire to see Anne-Marie again, which was easy to do; then the longing to be with her always, which was difficult, and finally to overcome whatever obstacles might lay between them.

As long as Anne-Marie remained in Marseilles, Jacques Brachard, day after day and she never saw him. When she went away he gave up sweeping the streets went to work on the docks where he might earn more money. He worked hard and saved and grew to be master of the docks in his district.

He never stopped thinking, and the problem of how he struggled with was how to make money.

He had discovered that all things may be bought for gold—rank, title, social position even a beautiful woman. It was in that way one night he might win Anne-Marie, and he resolved to gather gold until he could make a glittering pile of it beside her, even as her own delight, if that should be possible.

When he reached the stature of manhood Jacques Brachard was tall and lean as a deer. Winter would with the strength of a lion, whatever its load. Hard, loosely swinging arms and his broad-shoulders.

His short, fawn hair was stiff and unmanageable. His eyes were like fairly glowing coals under his shelving, bushy eyebrows. He was restless, nervous, unrested, the embodiment of relentless purpose and will.

He was such a man when he appeared in Paris, for more than ten years of silent struggle and self-denial, the count had passed away with its fets and brain and Brachard had risen as the years brought with the age of gold.

He began the day with a wonderful Egyptian coffee mines, made himself master of the world of chemistry and the finest men in France within all who knew him admitted that he was climbed to wealth along the easy slopes he pointed out to them.

Wins a Wife, but Not Love

Then he married Anne-Marie d'Andeline, who took him because her haughty, impoverished mother forced her to marry a wealthy son-in-law. And she loathed him with all her heart because he was rich and unsmooth, and she knew that he had bought her, just as he had bought the magnificent mansion, once owned by a dead and gone Rothschild, for which he transported her, his bride.

Jacques Brachard learned that his wife hated him, because she told him so, and told him why, and told him in such a manner that he pitied her, he who had never cried anyone, even those who struck him, he took, to their utter ruin, and he left her to her own world.

Then he turned to the ambitions promptings of a man of her class, Jerome de Lafa Him. He was restless, as always, and paced up and down the waiting parlor. He was thinking, as always, and his brows were drawn together. His eyes were fixed unseeingly upon him. His tall, awkward body seemed at war with the beautiful apartment.

Anne-Marie entered. She had more than fulfilled the promise of her girlhood, so far as beauty went. She was tall, dark, with the rich, warm tone of the Orient in her oval face. Should not trouble to look at her husband as she said casually:

"Good evening. Have I kept you waiting?"

"Good evening; there is no hurry," Brachard answered. "I shall have to wait now for the reception tonight and some time to change my clothes. I take the 11:30 train for London."

"Very well; I will order a motor car to come for me," she said indifferently.

"You do not ask the reason for my going away."

"I assume that it is excellent; your reasons usually are."

"This is my first journey away from you since our marriage," he went on, "and it gives me a strange sensation.

"I shall not complain of your absence, Monsieur," she said coldly. "Had we not better go? The motor is waiting."

Brachard nodded and led the way down the white stairway and out through the hall to the porte-cochere, where their automobile was standing.

Anne-Marie drew away from his touch as he assisted her into the carriage, but settled herself in a corner as far from her husband as she could get. Brachard took the other corner, and they sped in silence toward the mansion of the Marquis and Marquise d'Andeline, her father and mother.

Anne-Marie found herself thinking of Govain. She would see him tonight at her mother's. He must know of his plans intended departure for London. It was to be her first night of freedom, the night that both she and Govain had longed for, while he held her of his love and made her believe she loved him. Perhaps——

A lurch of the machine made her touch Brachard, and she recoiled sharply, scathing herself more firmly in her corner.

"I beg your pardon," her husband said. "It is nothing."

Brachard suddenly biased with anger.

"Must you always recoil from me, Marie, as if my touch were leprous?" he demanded. "Are we always to be like this, Marie?" he added more softly.

"Let us not renew the old discussion," she begged, wearily. "It can lead to nothing."

"I do not wish to annoy you, Marie, but this perpetual coldness is inhuman. If I am utterly distasteful to you, how could you marry me?"

"How, indeed?"

The automobile swung into a driveway and stopped under the porte-cochere of the d'Andeline mansion. A footman opened the door and Brachard got out, stepping aside to make room for his wife, who again disdained his proffered arm.

Together they entered the drawing room, which already was humming with the chatter of guests gathered there and to the adjoining card room.

"Hello, Anne-Marie!" cried Max, her younger brother, an irrepressible youth, kissing her hand. "Hello, Jacques, my respected brother-in-law."

The Marquise d'Andeline hurried up to clasp Max's boisterous greeting.

"Good evening, dear," she said, kissing Anne-Marie and holding out her hand to Jacques. "I am so glad you both could come."

"Govain Will Have to Amuse Me"

"Jacques cannot stay," Anne-Marie said receiving her mother's effusive kiss on her cheek.

"No; I only brought aMarie, and now I must go and change my clothes," Brachard explained. "I leave for London to-night at 11:30."

"Oh, that is too bad! But we saw in the newspapers that you were going on business of importance. You are always busily busy, Jacques——"

"I shall return to my good here," Jacques said. "Perhaps I may take you home, Marie."

"I shall not need you," she said coldly, quite as cold as herself. Le Govain there in the card room. He will have to amuse me."

Taking her brother's arm she hurriedly left Brachard. Anne-Marie's vehemence. "Only I was afraid that—to-night—I alone in your house, Max——"

"I am much more lonely when he is there," Anne-Marie replied bitterly.

"Annette, can't you think a little more kindly of him?" the Marquise asked earnestly. "Make an effort. Jacques is so good to you. His devotion——"

"Please!" Anne-Marie said with cutting severity. "You must, mother, I certainly don't expect me to love him!"

To Be Continued In To-morrow's Boston Sunday American.

CHAPTER II.

The Temptation of Anne-Marie

THE Marquise d'Angeline hurried after Anne-Marie when she saw that Brachard had gone, and intercepted her before she reached the door of the card room. The boisterous Max gladly relinquished his sister's arm, and left her for the more congenial pastime of bridge, in the adjoining room, while she turned with a plainly forced expression.

"Dear Annette, I haven't had a word with you," her mother began. "Jacques will return?"

"Yes."

"You will soon be a widow."

"A widow?" Anne-Marie repeated woodenly. "Oh, yes, yes; he is going away on affairs."

"He is coming back the day after to-morrow, does he not?"

"I don't know," Anne-Marie replied with utter indifference.

"What, you don't know?" the Marquise exclaimed. "Well, then, I will tell you that your husband will be here the day after to-morrow. It is the first time he has ever left you since your marriage, isn't it, Annette?"

Anne-Marie's mother had a remnant of a conscience and it always troubled her when she thought of the sale of her daughter to Brachard. Whenever she talked with her daughter she strove to awaken in her some spark of feeling for her husband, who so good points she extolled, although she carefully omitted telling him he had never found it impossible to pene-trate the utter indifference of Anne-Marie.

"At the thought of his going on such a journey don't you feel, my daughter——"

In astonishment Anne-Marie exclaimed: "Do you mean that you wish to know whether I feel badly about it, mother?"

"Oh, no, no," the Marquise said hurriedly. Forgive me, Annette. I've been unjust. Only I was afraid that—to-night—I alone in your house, Max——"

"I am much more lonely when he is there," Anne-Marie replied bitterly.

"Annette, can't you think a little more kindly of him?" the Marquise asked earnestly. "Make an effort. Jacques is so good to you. His devotion——"

"Please!" Anne-Marie said with cutting severity. "You must, mother, I certainly don't expect me to love him!"

To Be Continued In To-morrow's Boston Sunday, American.

VIA WIRELESS

An absorbing novel, setting forth a charming love story, written from the successful play of the same name

By THOMPSON BUCHANAN

CHAPTER XVI.

Excitement at the Works.

THE Durrant gun works was in a fever of excitement. Ever since the forging of the Sommers gun events of importance had happened in such some succession that about the works generally was the feeling of stunned amazement. The office force, and even the hands, when they met, would look at each other fearfully. What would happen next? No one could tell. But it was sure something dreadful might be expected.

First had come the fire in the furnace room, when Sommers was nearly killed. Then the discharge of Smith, but with the rumor that he had gone to work in another plant controlled by Mr. Durrant. Next had followed a terrific explosion of the 800 years gun, and now was the shipwreck the wonderful meeting of the bravery of Sommers and Frances Durrant, dually to culminate in a rigid investigation to be held in the Durrant works. So no wonder the thousands connected directly and indirectly with the Durrant works were in a fever or excitement.

The story of the heroic rescue had been told over and over again. All knew how Frances had so instantly stayed behind on the wrecked yacht to share apparently certain death with the unconscious naval officer. It was plain that she loved him, and he loved her, and all the gossips were straining their imaginations to conjure just what would be the result when the girl's father was tried at the court martial for the loss of his gun, forged in her father's works.

All Remain Silent.

As soon as the Mongonia reached New York the survivors of the Iroesa had landed. Pinckney hurried to Pittsburg on the first train, but Sommers stayed over a few hours to make the trip with Frances and her mother. Mr. Durrant had met them there and all came on together. The steamer was not given to gossip. Words Sommers was equally undemonstrative. They had wrung each other's hands with mutual respect and esteem, but there had been no words of the relation which all knew must exist between the young officer and Frances. The girl had said nothing. Even her mother was not in her confidence.

On the trip from New York to Pittsburg Mrs. Durrant had found time to take up the subject with her husband.

"It's no use, George," she said, "Edward hasn't a chance. That wreck killed any feeling she ever had. Frances all in the private room and when he began to boggle and send foolish messages. Mr. Sommers just caught him in time to prohibit him away from the key, and put him on shore. If you had seen Frances's face then you would know Edward was done. You must give Mr. Sommers every opportunity to clear himself of blame."

George Durrant nodded in agreement.

"I'll give him every chance, my dear, he will have him a chance, that's all any man can ask."

Now the day of Sommers's chance was at hand. Mr. Durrant had put his Sunday and the entire force of the works in charge of Bradley to ferret out the truth.

Pinckney, with a few hours start, had got to the works as fast as possible. He wanted to meet Marsh before the inquisition began. He must know what Marsh had told Bradley. Their stories must agree for the first blurred question brought an other surprise to the chief conspirator.

"I haven't seen any Secret Service man there hasn't been any around here," protested Marsh.

Pinckney shook his head impatiently.

"Don't be dense, Marsh. Bradley has been talked to him. He questioned you because a month ago. His name was Brad ley."

Marsh Thoroughly Frightened

Marsh, thoroughly frightened at the idea of Secret Service men working on a case, could only redouble his protest.

"I haven't seen him. I haven't talked to anybody. I didn't know——"

Pinckney gave a relieved sigh.

"Then he didn't make he said. "But now, listen. This investigation is coming off to-day. We're all right. If you kee, quiet and let Lafa do the talking, you can't go wrong. And we begin work on a Govern ment contract for the Rhinestrom gun tomorrow."

"What must I say?" inquired the in ventor of the Rhinestrom gun weakly.

"Swear that Smith was drunk and say that I and Sommers were in the furnace room when the gun went into the tempering bath. The Bradley can't prove anything to save his life. Don't let him frighten you. Hell try to, but keep you nerve. If he asks you about the Rhinestrom gun don't know anything about it."

Marsh, naturally nervous, was now trembling with fear.

"You know of those killed and wounded Mr. Pinckney. He both deserve State's prison for it."

Pinckney grabbed the little man by the shoulder to shake some courage into his body, got chicken-hearted, you fool, he cried angrily. "Get a hold of yourself or as sure as red do, but we can't think of that now. It's a State's prison or a fine for you, Marsh. Now keep your nerve. How did we know the gun was going to explode. I never thought it would stand the test at the proving ground. Come on in the office, and I'll give you a drink to brace you."

They were still in the inner office, when Bradley, cool and debonair, as usual, strolled into the outer office.

"How are you," he said genially to Lazie O'Brien, the pretty stenographer looking away in one corner at her machine. "I was looking for Mr. Pinckney."

Miss is in the inner office with Mr. Marsh, responded the girl.

Bradley sighed.

"Sure. He sent for Marsh as soon as he came, didn't he?"

"I," replied the girl curiously. "How did you know that?"

Bradley sighed.

"Mind reader," he suggested, then added with a serious explanation. "I am in agreement with him, so I thought they'd be waiting for me."

"Shall I tell him you are here?" asked the stenographer.

Bradley made a hasty objection.

Bradley Gets Inquisitive.

"Oh, no, don't bother. I'll wait till they get through. I was just going to see them about a little business about the Rhinestrom gun. And that reminds me. Give me Mr. Sherstrom's address, won't you? I have to drop him a letter."

"Rhinestroms address?" she asked, curiously.

The man nodded.

Since Rhinestrom. The inventor of the gun they're making here. Can't you give me his address? If you don't remember, look at the last letter you sent him."

"Why, I've never sent him any letters," Mazie returned curiously. "If you want his address, why don't you get it from Mr. Pinckney?"

Bradley smiled.

"That's a good idea," he said. "I just do that. You take all Mr. Pinckney's letters, don't you?"

The girl had begun to wonder at the questioning. Bradley looked well, and was pleasant. But what did he want?

"Yes, I take Mr. Pinckney's dictation," she agreed, cautiously.

"And he never writes to Rhinestrom?" demanded Bradley with sudden sternness.

For a moment the girl fazed up.

"Say, who are you, anyhow? What do you want? Are you trying to——"

Her questioner smiled blandly.

"No, just curious about such a thing," he said. "I'm going to the works now to see Mr. O'Leary about the gun. Mr. Durrant comes tell him that Mr. Bradley, of the Secret Service, is there. He wants him send for me. Goodby. Much obliged for the information, Miss O'Brien."

Mazie O'Brien leaned back in her chair looking after Bradley with a curious expression on her face.

"Well, what do you think of that?" she said to herself at last in astonishment. "Him a detective! Well, he's a pretty good looking fellow—for a detective. I wonder what's up. I remember he was awful here a month ago."

Ten minutes after the detective was back at the office in time to meet Frances coming with Lieutenant Sommers.

"I'm glad you are here, Miss Durrant," he declared earnestly. "Would you mind if I ask you some questions on investigation?"

Anxious to Clear Sommers

The girl smiled at the idea.

"Will I mind?" she exclaimed. "You know I'll do anything in the world I can to clear Mr. Sommers of any blame. Have you found out anything so far?"

Bradley shook his head.

"I've got no positive proof, but I think I shall have before this investigation is over."

And Mr. Sommers will be cleared when he goes before the Court of Inquiry at Washington?" persisted the girl.

Bradley bowed.

"I certainly hope so, Miss Durrant. You know how much I owe to Mr. Sommers and to you. I feel sure he is innocent of any neglect or wrongdoing, and you can depend on me to work my head off to clear him. Everything will depend, however, on what I can get from Marsh."

Frances looked surprised.

"I can't think Marsh is guilty," she admitted cautiously. "He's been in the world for years and nothing's ever been said against him."

Bradley nodded.

"I know all that, Miss Durrant, but may I tell you a secret? I believe Marsh is the inventor of the Rhinestrom gun, and I can prove that the fact is easy."

"And if you can't?" the girl asked fearfully.

Bradley smiled with confidence.

"I never let myself look on that side," he said. "Now I must leave you. I'll be back in a few minutes."

When the door had closed on Bradley the girl turned impulsively to Sommers at her side.

"Will you do if you find they are against you?" she asked bluntly.

The man looked at her seriously.

"There is nothing that I can do then, Frances. I'll be dishonored, a disgraced man."

"You mean," she persisted, "if this is a real Secret Service detective against you will not come back to me?"

"I cannot ask you to share Sommers's fate, but his answer came out straight.

"Impossible! If the Washington authorities place the blame of the accident upon you if you are dishonored and disgraced, you need not come back to me"—she paused a moment, then added softly, raising her eyes to his—"you need not come back to me, for I will come to you!"

To Be Continued in Tomorrow's Boston Sunday American.

TIGHTWADDO THE MONK

HE TRIES TO ECONOMIZE IN EXPENSE FOR LIGHTING.

Copyright, 1908, by American-Journal Examiner.

DONT YOU THINK IT'S AWFULLY DARK, DEARIE?
TOO MUCH LIGHT IS BAD FOR THE EYES!
HADNT YOU BETTER LIGHT ANOTHER CANDLE?
CANDLES COST TOO MUCH MONEY! WE BURN THREE A WEEK AS IT IS!
I'LL FIX IT SO WE GET PLENTY OF LIGHT!
THERE, NOW WE'LL GET THE LIGHT OF TWO CANDLES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!
CRACK!!
THERE! — THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR TRYING TO SAVE A FEW PENNIES! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO BUY A NEW MIRROR!

Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

WRITE AND ASK HER

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been on very friendly terms with a lady for a little over a year. We have received very friendly letters from each other until lately, when I answered her last letter as usual and heard no more from her. It is about two months since I heard from her last time, and as I did not think it my fault, I did not write again. This morning I sent her some letters and gifts, as I have read in your column that the young lady should take this step.

I THANK YOU.

P.[illegible] best way to do would be to write and ask her if she would like you to her letters. If you wish your letters returned, ask for them, but if the gifts are simply and inexpensive it would not look very well for you to ask for them. The chances are that when you ask for the letters she will take the hint and return the gifts as well.

NOT VERY CONSIDERATE

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen years of age and have been keeping steady company with a young man one year, my age for the past two years. Now when he [illegible] to see me he has the first dance with me, then he leaves me to sit and talk with whomsoever he [illegible] and generally some of my friends, and he goes over across the hall with the gentlemen friends gets interested in their conversation and never comes near me until the fourth or fifth dance. Then he will come to me and go over to the boys or ask some lady friend for the next dance. I always have every dance while he is away, as I have many friends, but I don't think it shows much respect for me when he never asks and talks to me during a dance. Is it proper for me to have him dance with a young lady and let me sit alone and watch them? This young lady is trying very hard to break up our friendship, so would you ask him to discontinue asking her to dance when he takes me to another lady? When we are walking alone he is very attentive to me, but as soon as he sees a friend of his he is so distant to me, which makes me feel very badly.

A DAILY READER.

I DO not think you should dance every dance with him, nor spend the entire evening with him. However, if he professes to care for you he should show you every attention, and should not dance with a girl whom he treats so distant ful to you. If he is distant and cold in his manner, I would advise you to break with him.

Can You Juggle Oil as Cleverly as Honest John

TWO customers came to John the oil man, and each demanded a quart of oil. One carried a three-quart can and the other a five-quart measure, while the oil salesman had only a nine-quart can.

John filled his can from the tank and proceeded to juggle the nine quarts through the medium of the three receptacles until he had placed a quart in each of his customers' cans and had returned the remaining three quarts to the tank.

The puzzle consists in telling how John performed the feat with the fewest possible number of pourings.

Almost every member of the Puzzle Club has found some method of juggling John's oil into the cans of the Countess People to the required quantities. But we must not forget that the wily oil merchant performed the trick in the most skilful manner.

Perhaps you will find in revising your solution that a shorter method is possible.

One hundred puzzle books will be distributed among those who send best solutions to the Puzzle Editor, in care of this paper.

There are five different puzzle books, so be sure to state which numbers you have already received. It is the greatest collection of puzzles, tricks and conundrums ever published. From week to week you will have opportunity to win the complete set of five numbers.

Humanisms

Some people are living examples of the conventionality of the unconventional.

It takes two to make a quarrel—but that is no reason why you should be one of them.

In the race for wealth the average man acts like a horse of the long-eared breed.

When a man feels that he is expected to say that he loves he goes at it in a heartbreaking manner.

Never judge people by their clothes. Even a poorly dressed man may not be a millionaire.

A woman's happiness reaches the limit when she possesses a thing that no other woman can obtain.

There is something wrong with the minds of men when each continuous performance.

The mere fact that a man doesn't pay his bills is no sign that he owns an automobile.

It sometimes happens that a man is as much of his wife's actions as he is ashamed of his own.

The average man doesn't make very much money unless he can induce others to make it for him.

There Are Others

MY darling wife is pretty firm.
Beneath her away I sometimes squirm.

But there's one thing that I must say—
She doesn't always have her way.

She puts her foot down mighty flat—
There's not a bit of doubt of that.

She's not one that I love to cross,
But, all the same, she's not the boss.

She often orders me around.
I have best to bunch and go over to the

Still, there are times, no doubt of it,
When she must gracefully submit.

I am by nature mild and meek
And she's strong-minded, so they speak.

Yet she has not been slow to find
That others have some strength of mind.

That she must tremble at a frown
And humbly take a calling down.

On such occasions I am free
To say it rather tickles me.

It does me good to see her shrink.
She needs the discipline, I think.

She's pretty often brought to book.
By me? Good gracious, no! Our cook.

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It is all ready to use directly you get it for the coupon

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Order your paper from your newsdealer to-day.

QUICK CAR RELIEF IS DEMANDED

Thomas H. Dowd, chairman of the Faneuil Hall transit meeting, will unite the members of the United Improvement Associations of Boston for the purpose of devising means for obtaining better transit accommodations. Mayor Hibbard's committee of twenty-five as soon as he has had an opportunity to consult the various organizations interested.

The meeting in the old Cradle of Liberty was one of the most enthusiastic of the kind ever held in Boston. It established that there is will-power enough to end the lack of adequate transit facilities in the city and that Boston will have at last determined to take its matter into their own hands and do away with the graft.

In accordance with the resolutions adopted at the meeting the committee will provide:

A petition to be filed with the Legislature for permission to build a subway from Park street through Winter and Summer.

A petition to be filed with the Legislature for permission to build a subway from Tremont street, through Boylston and Beacon streets to the Fenway.

That a law be enacted providing for the construction of subways along the proposed subways routes for the better interests of the city.

That the Legislature be petitioned to restore the old fare of "Minute avenue to go," to afford quicker relief than could be obtained through a change.

Students Make Protest.

That the Boston Elevated railway system is of no use to the hundreds of students attending Back Bay institutions is the opinion expressed by the students themselves and the members of the faculty.

Ninety per cent. of the attendance at the Boston University, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, the Boston Conservatory of Music and the Harvard Medical School live outside of Boston. Arriving at the stations they walk. The inadequacy of the car service from the city proper makes this method of reaching their destination preferable.

"At a safe estimate 500 of our students have to use trains to the South Station," said F. L. Trowbridge, assistant manager of the Conservatory of Music. "These students come from all points of the Cape district. It is but reasonable for them to have to make the early start necessary to attend school on time. Many of them tell us they have been two hours coming to-day, some forty. In the difficulty encountered after reaching Boston by the present poor car service."

Similar statements were made by the heads of other institutions. The students themselves said they favor the subway.

Alfred E. Burton, dean of the Institute of Technology, said:

"There are over 1,000 students attending the Institute of Technology. Many of them living at some distance, and they all work. That is, they walk when they reach Boston.

Hardship on Scores.

"Some come from Dorchester, Newburyport and beyond Brockton in the other direction. The walk is a hardship, a long tiring job, worst of the lot riding in the worst, for them, so far as it is carried on the streets is somewhat dangerous. It is a hardship on many of them who are poor and have to live in rooms remote from the college. I don't think the students of Technology or any other city school are exempt from those who reside in the immediate vicinity.

As the University of Boston, Beacon street, the secretary's office was undecided about the need of a subway. "We are hearing up under the inconvenience of the present inadequate service as well as we can, but there are many complaints," said Alfred Farlow, speaking for the Christian Science Church organization. "From two to four thousand attend the Wednesday evening meeting and the two Sunday services every week. A very considerable number of these have to come in from out of town, mostly from South Station points. The Mother Church of the church that can be attended on these days at Chestnut Hill, Malden, Medford, but from hundreds of others it is necessarily lost in not having a crosstown rapid transit system."

Injustice to East Boston.

Declaring that he was heartily in accord with the movement to better the transit facilities of Boston, ex-Representative James F. White of the Grove Hall Improvement Association said he had drafted a bill which he will present to the next Legislature, limiting the number of persons allowed to ride on cars of the Boston Elevated system.

Ludwig Gerhard, who is greatly interested in the proposition for an east and west tunnel to connect with the South Station, believes that the solution of the problem is the immediate construction of a tunnel from Park street down Winter and Summer streets to the South Station.

Denounce Cars and Schedule.

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

The following letter has been sent to the Boston Elevated Railway Company:

Gentlemen: We would like to have you tell us what would be the best way for any people coming from Dorchester street to get over in the end of the new West Boston Bridge. Since the bridge we have had a great deal of trouble and annoyance and it seems to be getting worse rather than better.

We have been using the City Point cars from Dover street and as you know they change the service of these cars is entirely inadequate to supply any such people as are coming from Dorchester. Ebby in appearance, but the running time is very irregular, that is, it is practically impossible for a lady to get on the cars at Dover street and between the hours of 5 and 9 a. m. or at the end of the bridge between 4 and 6 p. m.

It seems to be a universal complaint that the City Point service during this time of the day has never been satisfactory, and we are the only people using this line

THE AMERICAN'S MAGAZINE PAGE

WHAT QUALITIES DO MEN LIKE MOST IN WOMEN?

By DOROTHY DIX

GENERALLY speaking, it may be said that man is the audience to whom woman plays. Man is not in different to the attentions of his own sex, but it is man's that she seeks most. It is his praise of women, women the prodigies of learning, of self-sacrificing but their good opinion is of little the favor of man is accompanied by perfumes and jewels for the sake of which wins it.

Of course, women will deny this. The traditional school of thought is that of a goddess on a pedestal with her nose in the air, who magnanimously exalt at the humble man to stand up an incense-burner.

Nevertheless, the most casual observer cannot help remarking that woman never quite trusts woman as she trusts a man, or takes quite as much pains to please her. Consciously or unconsciously, woman is all the time playing to the gallery of her own sex. She is always trying to outdress her sister women, to outshine her in conversation, to excel her in accomplishments, to make her envious of her beauty, her clothes, her social position, her husband, her children, her home.

Now, a man does not care a rap for any of these things. He is not trying to outdress his wife, to outshine her in conversation, to excel her in accomplishments, to make her envious of her beauty, her clothes, her social position, her husband, her children, her home. He is not trying to please any woman but one, and he is quite content to let the rest of the world go hang.

Always Studying; Never Sure

All of this is as Heaven ordained, for a woman neither has to marry another woman nor does she have to keep her sister's love after she has married him. Therefore, if Nature had meant that part of it to be of any pleasing importance she would have implanted in the breast of a woman the same desire to please a man that she has implanted in the breast of a man, for all the qualities which a woman employs to please another woman are entirely different from those which a man employs to please a woman.

For instance, the average woman is always trying to appear clever in the eyes of her own sex, and she succeeds in doing so by talking about the latest books, the latest plays, the latest operas, the latest pictures, the latest scandals, the latest fads, the latest fashions, the latest everything.

Now, a man is trying to appear clever in the eyes of a woman, and he succeeds in doing so by talking about the things that he knows about, which are baseball, golf, automobiles, fishing, hunting, and the stock market.

Do Women Waste Time on Beauty?

This suggests that much of the time and effort that women put in on their attempt to make straight hair curly, convert a short and stubby figure into a Gibsonian thinness, and to make themselves employed in enhancing an animal beauty which a man takes for granted, is as likely as not to infuriate for a Venus like complexion, or a dazzling toilet.

That is to say, those that men do not appreciate the beauty, or the toilet, admire it distinctly, is also abundantly true that the things that men do admire in a woman they acquire as a matter of course, and without any special effort.

Now, the beauty which appeals to men is the beauty of health, and the clothes that attract men and yet although they are the most beautiful objects in the world, time and money and serious thought and study are lavished on them, have never found out the kind of clothes that men admire most. Men like supporting for all other defects.

Cleanliness Counts a Lot

In old-fashioned novels, which were mostly written by men, the girl who were unsophisticated white muslin always appeared the rich and distinguished hero

Imitation Men Not in Favor

This is the reason that the ingenue can marry minded sisters' own women who are creatures who are

A man may

from out of the ver dressed in fleecy clouds and the same prevails today as They hate fine clothes, and above pretty than young only too often a woman for being too much or excess lace for of pearls, but a man see distinctions. He sits to engage a lady suggests him in dressed out in the most elaborate

The woman who is splendid in her clothes, but she is not beautiful and the better.

The modern evolution ments of masculine

Men like certain and the woman who affects, no matter how much she may spend on them, is not for womanliness for all other defects

This one quality

Men are not what we call fastidious creatures in women. It is the fashion now to say that women like men who are "real he-men," but as a matter of fact men like women who are womanly, who are feminine, who have a childlike faith in everything, and no matter how much he laughs at her he wants her to look up to him, and to be in awe of his superior knowledge.

He may judge the world mercilessly, but he wants a woman full of tender and sympathetic understanding, and pity. No man admires a woman who did not grow up tradition who are still who was not taught to love children, or who was not give a beggar out in

of her being witty and intelligent and able to take care of herself, but he never loves her because of these things.

Women are never more largely and generously human than when they think that they make a winning with men by trying to make imitation men of themselves. The fellow that men pine for women to be is the he-woman, who has all the vices and none of the virtues of his sex.

Never was greater folly. It is woman's distinction to make the very best man of her sex, and the very best woman of hers. The charm and sane happiness in her society is in contrast to the tonic of another kind of man. It is the fashion now to say that women like men who are "real he-men," but as a matter of fact men like women who are womanly, who are feminine, who have a childlike faith in everything, and no matter how much he laughs at her he wants her to look up to him, and to be in awe of his superior knowledge.

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Gigglers and Gushers Weary Them.

Men like cheerfulness in a woman, but they hate forced gayety. Possibly there is no other element in the world that makes for so much unhappiness in the home as the constant effort which women make to appear gay, to be always entertaining, and who laughs at everything that is said, whether it is funny or not.

Men like to be themselves at home, and not to have to act a part. They like to be natural, and they like to be with women who are natural. They want quiet. They want the comfort of the commonplace of women for rest and relaxation. They want quiet. They want to be soothed and supported, and not to be irritated by the antics of perpetually spotlight-conscious women, the noise of a phonograph that never runs down.

The woman who wants to attract men must know how to listen as well as talk. She must suggest an atmosphere of quiet peace, not a storm-center where there is always something doing. She must be deeply, softly comprehending. She must be a woman who can be known by her dreams of resting not on the bubbling brook. It is the sense of restfulness of

Sermons in Stones Marking History's Path

The Wolfe Monument

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

On the historic Plains of Abraham, overlooking old Quebec and the magnificent St. Lawrence, rises one of the most beautiful monuments to be found on the soil of the North American continent.

This shaft, dedicated to the memory of James Wolfe, and the victory he won on the Plains of Abraham, is not only beautiful but, as a memorial, is one of the most important memorials on the planet.

So discreet and overloaded a man as the average British general was the New England of his day, James Wolfe, the great Quebec hero, is the greatest man in the history of Canada.

Wolfe's most important work was done in the short space of

A Day Never to Be Forgotten

The thirteenth of September, seventeen hundred and eleven. The memorable day never to be forgotten by the English generals, not for many years of Spain, Austria, Holland, on this continent and united the future world to the keeping of English and English laws.

It was a pretty fight, too, between Quebec—that most struggle—and one of the million of the time. The very setting of the scene is tremendous. A great gray rock, the first historic a romantic waterfall, outlining its silver ribbon against the sky, and over which it leaped, one of the loveliest rivers in the world, the St. Lawrence, goes quite across one of the historic battlefields of the continent. Above, on the clear, crisp atmosphere, lofty and the morning of the gods—all these features combined to form a wonderful background for that was about to be traced in blood and fire.

And the prize, a continent—millions square miles of the finest country on earth. Wolfe, the intellectual, would that fled all calculation, with political, social and economic possibilities that then could estimate to the full.

When all was ready the armies swung about, Montcalm, an aristocrat, superb—mounted, knight-like, in full armor for the fray, at the head of five thousand men, while Wolfe, his opponent, fronted him with a force about the same strength.

Forces Physically Equal

There was no advantage in that respect. Each of arms, strength was considered. Discipline, material followed the same lines. About equal.

But it was something which, in the general, the good, the strength and good sense, the head and heart, won the day.

Montcalm was the product of the old régime, the régime of privilege, of which, especially, hereditary rights, of birth, of family, of social position, of the prestige of the past, were the watchwords of battle, and the inspiration of men of limited, if any, ideas of liberty and of the rights of the individual.

Wolfe was the product of the new régime, of the new spirit, of the new ideas and the new age.

One of World's Decisive Battles

In counting up the many historic battles the world has had, from that of Marathon to that of Waterloo, those after Marathon in importance come Hastings, the battle of Tours, that crushed the attempt of Spain to make Islam the religion of the world, the battle of Lepanto, that crushed the attempt of the Mohammedan Empire to overrun Europe.

And time in importance to be reckoned the battle of Bunker Hill, the battle of Saratoga, the battle of Yorktown and the battle of Waterloo.

But of all the battles of the world, the battle of Quebec, which made the United States and the British Empire possible, was the most important.

Had Wolfe been defeated, had Montcalm won, the whole history of the world would have been changed.

The United States would have been confined to the narrow strip of territory between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic, and would have been bounded on the north by the St. Lawrence and on the south by the Carolinas.

Instead of the United States of America, with its boundless resources, its marvelous development, its unparalleled progress, its great people, its splendid civilization, its wonderful institutions, its world-wide influence, there would have been a small republic, with a small population, a small territory, a small development, a small people, a small civilization, a small influence, a small everything.

And instead of the United States of America being the leader of the world in the great movements for the betterment of mankind, the United States would have been a mere appendage of the British Empire, and the British Empire would have been the leader of the world in the great movements for the betterment of mankind.

And it was all decided on the Plains of Abraham, on the fateful thirteenth of September, seventeen hundred and eleven, when Wolfe, the intellectual, the man of ideas, the man of progress, the man of the future, defeated Montcalm, the aristocrat, the man of privilege, the man of the past.

Wolfe's victory was won by the use of his brains. He was a student of military science, and he had studied the tactics of Montcalm, and he had figured out how he could defeat him.

Montcalm was intrenched on the heights of Abraham, and Wolfe knew that he could not dislodge him by a frontal attack.

So he sailed his army up the river, and landed it at a point where the cliffs were not so steep, and where Montcalm did not think it possible that he could land.

Then, in the night, he climbed the cliffs with his army, and when Montcalm awoke in the morning he found Wolfe in his rear.

Montcalm was forced to fight, and he fought bravely, but he was defeated, and Wolfe won the battle that decided the fate of a continent.

Wolfe was killed in the battle, but he died happy, for he knew that he had won a victory that would make his name immortal.

'Montgomery and Moore Are a Pair You Can't Help Laughing at'---Nell Brinkley

"Montgomery is absurdly limber. He flutters like a wind-blown beggar's rags, he sags like dough, and always his absurd legs skid"

"Pretty Florence Moore prances and skips on her black silken legs and is manfully melodramatic"

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY and the last time and won't come back Florence Moore are a giddy on and more.

Pair, skipping the hilarious. He Harry Martin, tip-toe light from the to tip of the half moon of the vaudeville footlights.

One can't tell what they do, because they haven't any "stunt"; but they keep the rows of white manic sans like dough, he hops wildly like out beyond the half moon in a cotton sheep with machinery in its and gamily, he skitters lesser in every you are so very sad when they fly off joint, waves his legs like a reckless

Montgomery is sleek, black-headed, with a curious twist to his mouth, a pearly gray coat and trousers, scarlet lapped shoes and cotton-backed top-piece to skid!

He is absurdly limber. He flutters like a wind blown beggar's rags, he sags like dough, he hops wildly like and always his absurd legs skid, and it always makes you over again every time they do.

Florence Moore is pretty, with a smooth, well-shaven face, and brown eyes, and red brown ringlets down

Dutch wind mill, and "all a sudden" her back. She is adroit and changemelts to the boards and spreads there full! She is manfully melodramatic, like wax. And oh, such a *fall* is babblingly infantile when she sings there! "Je-he-he-he-he-el!" She strikes chest

He is full of smothered laughter; and hands like a bold, bad musketeer. his leering remarks are only half She prances and skips on her black aloud; he is gently bashful. And al- silken legs. And then—and then, just ways his absurd legs skid, and it as you are thinking hardest how always makes you over again every pretty-faced she is, her pretty face time they do. turns into a mask; its eyes are

Florence Moore is pretty, with a crossed and its mouth distorted—a smooth, well-shaven face, and brown regular gargoyle's face. Oo-ow! But eyes, and red brown ringlets down she can make terrific faces!

Oh, you'll laugh at them, my dear! You'll laugh longest and best at the little tiddlin' of Montgomery's, of a Bettina home from a finishing school to "spend her father's mon; to spend her vacation," doing her little stunt on the piano. When he powders his face, its *hollow*, because that's when the Bettys keep 'em!

NELL BRINKLEY.

The BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN contains a wealth of features of special interest to women. Don't miss next Sunday's BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN.

Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Wife

He Becomes One of the Madding Crowd of Christmas Shoppers

By Arthur Farland

"BILLY, this Young Man Afraid-of-His-Wife business has nothing to it. I've turned the life of seven men upside down ever since shopping with a

"Well, I suppose I'll be—" Billy began to expostulate, but I was out of the door and down the stairs before he could get his breath.

"Now, Billy," I said, as I came out of the subway station at Dudley street, "I've got a list of names and addresses here, and I'm going to start right in on it. What do you think of it?"

Billy looked at the list, at my face, and then, as if doubting his own sanity, looked at the list again. "Why, I've been over that list with you twice," he said, "and I've told you what I think of it. Yesterday was your birthday, and you asked me to come over to dinner, and I've been with you ever since. What do you take me for, anyway?"

"Why, Billy," I said, in my most persuasive manner, "I've been thinking it over, and I've decided that I'm not going to be a Young Man Afraid-of-His-Wife any longer. I'm going to show you that I'm the boss of this family, and I'm going to begin right now. I'm going to start in with this list, and I'm going to get everything on it, and I'm going to get it myself, and I'm going to get it today. Now, are you with me or against me?"

"Why, I'm with you, of course," said Billy, "but I don't see why you should have to do all the shopping. Why don't you take Mabel with you?"

"Mabel!" I exclaimed in disgust. "Mabel would be the worst person I could take. She'd want to stop at every department store we came to, and look at every bargain counter we passed, and she'd want to go to lunch at the most expensive restaurant she could find, and she'd want to ride in a taxicab all the way, and she'd want to buy everything she saw, and she'd want to—"

"Then get on her and not pay any attention to her," interrupted Billy. "Every woman is that way when she's out shopping. She can't help it. It's natural to her."

"Billy, I don't! I protested in horror. "I don't want to be led around by the nose and bamboozled into buying all sorts of things I don't want, and I can't possibly get on!"

The Inevitable Is His Chum

"Don't waste time talking," said Billy, and I saw that he had his back up, and was getting ready to be unpleasant. "You've got to come along to carry the bundles, she continued, "and you've got to come along and help me decide on the things we're going to get, and I've got to come along, and I need you to help me carry my coat, and Stephenson's. We started out for the hosiery department and plunged recklessly into a mob of wild eyed women, through which Minnehaha blazed a trail with a liberal use of her el-

bows and cutting remarks, that finally landed us at the counter covered with the bewildering display of hosiery.

"Now, Billy," I said, "you've got to help me pick out the right kind of stockings for your sister," quoth the unfortunate husband, as he looked at the rows of embroidered polka dots that were displayed before him. "I suppose," he continued, addressing the young lady behind the counter, "I suppose considerably more than half the women who come in here buying silk stockings that need much would be willing to accept presents of the regular sort from their husbands."

One of the regular sorts glanced coquettishly at my wife and seemed to give me some encouragement, but the young lady behind the counter looked at me coldly and said: "Yes, sir, I suppose so."

"Well, then," I said, "I'll take a dozen pairs of these, and—"

"Why, Jim," said my wife, "you've been buying silk stockings that need much work lately. You've been buying them for yourself, and you've been buying them for me, and you've been buying them for the children, and you've been buying them for—"

"Then I'll take a dozen pairs of these," I said to the young lady behind the counter, "and—"

"Why, Jim," said my wife, "you've been buying silk stockings that need much work lately. You've been buying them for yourself, and you've been buying them for me, and you've been buying them for the children, and you've been buying them for—"

"Then I'll take a dozen pairs of these," I said to the young lady behind the counter, "and—"

"Why, Jim," said my wife, "you've been buying silk stockings that need much work lately. You've been buying them for yourself, and you've been buying them for me, and you've been buying them for the children, and you've been buying them for—"

Hot on the Trail of a Bargain

"At this juncture the maiden thrust a package of silk stockings in the direction of the excited couple and demanded the money. I thought that you were saying that you were going to buy some stockings today, Billy," I said, "and I thought that you were going to buy some for yourself, and I thought that you were going to buy some for me, and I thought that you were going to buy some for the children, and I thought that you were going to buy some for—"

Minnie passed two coupons in the receipt for the silk stockings, and we left her other counter and, by the maiden in the bargain basement, their anxiety eight cents of us in the flutter of the moment.

Sayings of a Cynic

A MAN who never accomplishes anything always looks the part.

It's entirely hard to find your confidence when you keep losing it.

When you are expecting an opportunity it rarely misses the train.

A man doesn't realize how small the world is until he tries to dodge his creditors.

Perhaps Lot's wife looked around to see if anyone was following her with a bill of sale.

Poverty is one of the reasons for which man is sentenced to hard labor for an indefinite term.

Walking in the sunshine will not always enable a man to escape the shadow of indebtedness.

Free cut-up picture puzzles form a special supplement given free with next Sunday's BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN. Order your BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN early. To-day is none too soon

It Became Necessary to Eat

"And think of it, Billy," Three pairs of three-dollar stockings and one dozen of embroidery floss represented the limits of an entire morning's strenuous endeavor.

It is this fines it will be needless to say that I was ready for lunch. Minnehaha was plunged almost to the bottom of her pocketbook in the little sterling things that break and disappear so readily nowadays, and I began a jolting glance.

"Shall we make a party of conference, I can invite" and she, that, of course, it you must have something to eat, and you must have something to eat, and there's no use of your trying to get out of it, Billy," I said. "This is one day we walk, dare and a sandwich won't do. Now, Billy, you can sound my low light headed I was getting when I left the subway station, but I was born to be a meal."

"Billy, that luncheon was a dizzy affair. We walked seventeen blocks to Stoggs' cafeteria to save car fare, and then, after being whirled to the seventh floor in an elevator packed in such a way as to make the Brooklyn express at 6 p. m. pale with envy, we proceeded to fight our way from booth to booth, gorging ourselves on the

Straight Suicide Far Better

"It was a feast, Billy, I can tell you. It made me a lady-sized cup of consommé and dined with a dot's sauce of pâté de foie gras, pâté-de-foie-gras sandwiches, a modicum of broiled squab a la mode, a tribune of mushrooms, a Frivolous sample of Stoggs's ice cream, and a demi-tasse.

At the end of this remarkable menu Minnehaha exclaimed triumphantly, "There, now, wasn't that nice and satisfying? And just think, it didn't cost us a penny!

"Yes, Bo, you can just bet your last nickel that when I flies up with the Skirt I'll be nix on the shoppin' business for a while," thought Billy, for he groaned, responsively.

"Well, stick to that, Billy," said Young-Man Afraid-of-His-Wife as he arose at the subway station. "And tell her you prefer to join a straight suicide club. It's a lot more fun than shopping."

And as I left him he was way of arriving at the happy hunting grounds."

Spinster-Lady Has a 'Mood' and Gets a Scolding

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

THAT Spinster-Lady had a mood; there was no doubt of it. Her best friend discovered the fact before they had been at the breakfast table five minutes.

The coffee wasn't right; the toast was too soft; the eggs were hard, and she didn't like orange marmalade.

In fact nothing quite suited her Spinstership.

The best friend bided her time and said nothing, for she was a wise lady.

"Well," said the Spinster-Lady, presently, "aren't you going to ask me what is the matter with me?"

I was waiting for your highness to speak," was the diplomatic answer, "but now that you have spoken, what is the matter?"

"Nothing that I can particularize in any way. I just feel dull and discontented, and everything unsatisfying. I don't think I had anything to look forward to that I am being bored."

Made Her Best Friend Ashamed.

"Bored!" said her best friend, and then again, in a higher key, "Bored!" And you have nothing to look forward to and both your self and me to be glad I am ashamed of you. positively ashamed of you."

"Well, I don't mean to be rude, and I am afraid for once was justified, "since I was thinking of telling you that very thing myself."

"Oh, you have not. You open a very fine moral lecture. In the first place you have a splendid home and many friends and relatives. You have a comfortable income, and you have many pleasures. How you passed for such a spoiled child, I cannot see," said the expert mocker, "since I mind you."

"I am going on. You have work to do in this world and work to delight in, and many troubles. And best of all you have perfect health. Now, what have you to say for yourself that is really cheering about your life?"

"Go out and take a walk and see how much misery you pass. Look at the poor, ill-clothed, ill-nourished children you see employed, and then tackle some one to employ."

"We all have our troubles," said the spinster-lady, more humbly, "and I suppose we must not take them too seriously. I'll take your task we find that the mood is largely of our own making, and that we can be happy and well with an affectionate friend. Does every one have a world of good.

The Colored Comic Section of the BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN is the best printed, best drawn and best humored. Have a look at Happy Hooligan, Little Jimmy, Mr. Bones of Boston and the rest in next Sunday's BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN.

LIFE.

Life's a poker game at best,
The cards are dealt and none can stay 'em;
It's up to you to do the rest,
Back in and play 'em.

Detroit Free Press.

Grouch Banished by a Sunbeam

The spinster-lady frowned over her breakfast coffee and toast and then looked at the sunbeam that had found its way through the window and was dancing on the table cloth.

"I am ashamed of myself," she said, "and I am going to do something about it. I am going to take a walk and see the world, to make people comfortable and happy. I am going to see my friends and do my friends. Life is really all right, and I am going to make it so."

The best friend looked approvingly at the spinster-lady, who was evidently in the throes of reformation, and wondered how long the mood would last.

"We all have our moods," said the spinster-lady, reading her thoughts, "and we must not take them too seriously. I am going to make my mood a permanent one, and I must ask you to help me."

"I'll be glad to help you," said the best friend, "but I don't see how I can."

"Why, you can just be yourself," said the spinster-lady, "and that is all I ask of you."

"Well, stick to that, Billy," said Young-Man Afraid-of-His-Wife as he arose at the subway station. "And tell her you prefer to join a straight suicide club. It's a lot more fun than shopping."

And as I left him he was way of arriving at the happy hunting grounds."

MONDAY BARGAINS
IN BOSTON'S BIG STORES
For Monday's best opportunities for Boston's busy shoppers see shoppers' complete guide in to-morrow's
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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE **BOSTON AMERICAN** BOSTON DECEMBER 19, 1908

BOSTON AMERICAN

80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, DECEMBER 19, 1908

Keeping Workmen In Repair

Employers Have a Fund for Injured Machinery. Why Not for Injured Men?

The fair and just treatment of injured employes by employers has become a question of serious public concern. The Employers' Liability Act, designed as a measure of speedy and satisfactory relief, has failed of its purpose in so many cases that organized labor intends to insist on a better method.

What can be done by the force of organized labor, when backed by strong public sentiment, was demonstrated at the State House two years ago, when the Overtime Bill was enacted into law and a stop put to night drudgery in the mills by women and children.

This year there will be a fight along the same lines in the Legislature for a Workmen's Compensation Law. Such a law is badly needed in this Commonwealth, and it should not be a hard matter to convince the law-makers of that fact.

The old cry will be raised that this is a private question and an unwarranted attempt to interfere with the rights of employers. But it is not a private question. The courts have become clogged with the cases that the Employers' Liability Insurance companies have refused to settle except on their own terms. And the people are taxed to maintain the courts.

The ends of justice are not being served under present conditions, and such failures are always the concern of the public. When the letter of the law is invoked to defeat the spirit of the law, it is time for new law. The people of this State have no patience with statutes so fruitful of red tape, quibbles and defences that their real intent is evaded and their operation becomes tedious, costly and unsatisfactory for the injured party.

It is the opinion of organized labor, of many lawyers, of many employers, even, that the Liability law has outlived its usefulness and that the laborer should have the protection of a compensation act.

Under the common law it was hard for the injured workman to recover damages because the employer could retreat along such a long line of defences. It was necessary for the plaintiff to show that he was not careless or negligent and that his injury was caused by reason of some defect in the ways, works or machinery of the employer.

The Employers' Liability Law was enacted to curtail the defences of the employer and to extend the remedies of the employe.

When it was first incorporated into the laws employers were inclined to settle cases and to be half-way reasonable.

Now the liability insurance companies have stepped in between the employers and employes, contesting with every possible defence, so that it is almost impossible for the injured workman to secure speedy settlement of his claim, and in nearly every instance there is failure to provide for immediate needs.

The contract between the employers and the liability companies is in the nature of a champertous and maintenance agreement, and tends to promote litigation, a thing the liability law was supposed to do away with, and which no lawyer could do without fear of disbarment.

From 1894 to 1905, inclusive, the liability insurance companies of America collected from their clients $100,000,000. In 1906 they collected $20,000,000, which shows the enormous resources of the companies that protect the employers. Of that $100,000,000, 70 per cent. was expended for expenses in salaries to officials, fees for lawyers, experts and claim agents, leaving 30 per cent. for the employes, out of which they had to pay lawyers, doctors and other costs, so that they actually received but 10 per cent.

The purpose of a compensation act would be to reverse this order of things, assure the injured man absolute and speedy recovery of damages, minimize litigation and provide for immediate wants. The question of negligence on the part of either party would be eliminated, except wilful negligence on the part of the employe. The only bar to the recovery of damages by the injured workman would be fraud.

Real injury while soberly and properly working would bring immediate compensation. The amount and the ratio of the compensation would depend on the extent of the injury. Men who have studied the question insist that under a compensation law the two parties directly concerned — the employers and the employes — would be financial gainers.

In brief, the theory of the Workman's Compensation Law is this:

Every employer has a fund for keeping his machinery in repair, and should have one for keeping his workmen in repair.

In to-morrow's BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN the subject will be thoroughly treated by the Hon. William N. Osgood, who, as a member of the special commission appointed by the Governor four years ago to consider the relations between employers and employes, recommended a compensation act.

The editorials which have made this column famous are well-known. An editorial by the same writer is a special feature of the BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN each week. Don't miss to-morrow's BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN.

LETTERS FROM AMERICAN READERS

HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

My business takes me among the working people, and I have talked to these people along the lines of your editorial of Sunday, October 15.

There are billions of acres of uncultured land, in fact idle land enough in the world to support a thousand times more people than there are on the earth today, not only in comfort, but in luxury. But very little progress can be made for the betterment of the masses by talking these things to the poor, who are powerless to help themselves. When the rich and powerful can be made to realize that humanity and all wealth comes from the land, and if the idle millions were put to work on the idle land, the world would be prosperous, and their riches would be increased by the general prosperity, then the selfish, basic motives would urge them to set these idle people to work on this unemployed land, to dig for the wealth that lies hidden there.

These powerful interests are now engaged in a united effort to start the industries of the country, to boom all kinds of business, to fill the people with hopefulness, and the air with the breath of prosperity. These same united interests produced our panic a year ago, frightening the stockholders of the various corporations to have induced to buy at high figures, and now a prosperity must be brought about that they may again unload these worthless securities at their inflated values on a new set of innocents, gathering in the billions from the dupes they have hypnotized, and then they will be in line for another panic.

Your powerful papers should show this game up so thoroughly that this regardless band of Wall Street's legalized robbers could no longer work their short game upon the public. Think of the misery, suffering and crimes that will follow in the wake of this wholesale looting of the public!

As it is in the power of these great financiers to produce prosperity by the means they are now adopting, so could they bring about a lasting prosperity by setting to put the idle millions to work on the unused land, and they would be only too ready to do so, if their get-rich-quick schemes were frustrated.

Mr. Hearst's newspapers are a power in the land, and he could render no greater service to the American people than by showing them the true inside workings of this "heads, I win; tails, you lose" game, and keep showing it up till public sentiment becomes so strong against them that they will turn their great influence to making money by honest methods and bring about a real and lasting prosperity.

G. A. H.

Watertown.

FAVORS FARMS ON CITY ROOFS

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

I read an article in your Sunday paper of December 13, suggesting agriculture and dairying on the roofs of buildings in New York city. The plan was from a financial standpoint. A good argument was made in favor of apple orchards, truck gardening, flower culture, etc. All this from a financial view.

Would it be not benefit in any other way? Scientists tell us the human race breathing in the air we exhale only the oxygen giving off nitrogen. Plant life takes the nitrogen and gives out oxygen, so it would seem one is a help to the other.

Plant life helps to improve or purify the air by making use of nitrogen and carbon, which is so injurious to animal life, and giving off oxygen, upon which animal life is dependent.

More plant life in our cities would be a step in the right direction towards health.

Truck gardening, dairy culture and the raising of sweet peas and pinks on the roofs in the tenement section could well be managed by the women and children. These flowers and truck garden products are always in demand in the market.

"A WOMAN READER."

A Thousand and One Nights

By T. E. Powers

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WELL, SMITH, YOURE LATE AGAIN. HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THIS?
WELL IT WAS LIKE THIS!
AS I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE OFFICE I SAW A BIG SNAKE ABOUT TO BITE A POLICEMAN
I TOOK OUT MY HARMONICA AND STRUCK UP HARRIGAN, THE SNAKE TURNED AND CAME TOWARD ME
I TURNED A BOUT, WALKED TOWARD THE ZOO, THE SNAKE FOLLOWED AT MY HEELS, WE GOT HIM IN TO A GLASS CASE—
HARRIGAN, THATS ME!
YOU ARE A NOBLE FELLOW
AND SAVED THE POLICEMANS LIFE
ISNT THIS LOVELY CHRISTMAS WEATHER?
YE-A-S INDEED
SALE YOUR BOAT?
CHOICE CIGARS SMOKE THE LOVERS KNOT
WHAT MADE SMITH LATE

Woman and Her Youth

Her Fear of Losing It Is Folly, for She May Be More Charming in Maturity Than as a Girl

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THE woman who is forever trying to convince the public how young she is expresses one extreme of folly, and the woman who is constantly telling how old she is illustrates another.

There are women who are so extremely sensitive upon the subject of advancing years that they hasten to announce each birthday from the housetops, lest some one would attempt to remind them of it.

"I am no longer young." "I am quite an old woman," are phrases one hears now and then from the women whose faces belie their words; but fortunately this type of woman is becoming rarer, for the new philosophy is teaching the world that the mind, rather than the years, creates age and its appearance.

In this day, too, we but rarely see the wife who looks old enough to be her husband's mother, while yet his junior; at least we do not encounter her in the large centres, where life is full of variety and action.

In the country places she is still to be found—the faded, careworn woman of forty, whose spruce, up-to-date husband of a few years more might well pass for her son.

"Growing Old" a Fault

She knows how old she looks, and the knowledge frets and worries her and adds new lines to her face.

She does not know that she is herself in fault for letting her mind run on the thoughts of the passing years, and in a belief that her youth and her charms are vanished.

Time was when a woman married she donned a cap and a sober air and "settled down," even though she were in her teens.

In those days husbands delighted in calling their wives "mother," or "the old lady," according to their mood, and society allowed no margin for youthful spirits after the wedding vows were taken.

Yet it found excuses for the gallant husband who remained young while his wife advanced into premature age and shapelessness.

The married woman to-day has every legitimate avenue for pleasure and distraction which is open to the debutante; and she is expected to adorn herself as becomingly as does her single sister, while as a rule she has a much better furnished mind, and is more entertaining to both men and women than the average young girl.

Maturity a Real Blessing

Some of her accomplishments may have dipped away—music and French and dancing—but her ripened mentality and her wider understanding of the world take their place.

In this age nothing is more absurd than for a woman to imagine her power to please and attract her husband and all her own sociality has ceased because she has attained middle life.

The combination of brain and culture who has the self-control and the perseverance to combat obesity, and the mental and nervous equipment to defy wrinkles, should feel no fear of advancing time—should, indeed, regard it as a generous friend, with added gifts to bestow.

In every age there have been examples of mature women who have held their sway socially and sentimentally.

Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Aspasia, were all women who had seen two-score years when their greatest prowess was felt. Josephine was forty years old before she became Empress, and her sway was supreme and her beauty pre-eminent at that age.

"Charm" Is the Secret

Madame de Maintenon was advanced in years and not at all beautiful when she captured a king for a husband, and held him captive till he died.

George Sand was fascinating and attractive to old and young men in her middle life, and the wonderful Ninon de l'Enclos kept her charm of manner and her beauty of person until she was eighty.

At an American army post one season a new belle appeared, so full of wit and so sympathetic and so entertaining, as well as so lovely in person, that from old generals down to boyish recruits all hearts were laid at her feet.

She charmed her own sex as readily as she did men, as do all really fascinating women; yet it was a woman, I believe, who discovered through some chance mutual acquaintance, and who did not delay in reporting the surprising fact, that the charmer was past fifty years of age.

It is not the mere preservation of beauty which gives such women their power—it is sympathy, tact, adaptability and a knowledge of human nature and a desire to please.

All are qualities worth cultivating.

The best of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's verses and prose articles appear in the BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN. Don't fail to get to-morrow's BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN.

THIS IS TOO MUCH!

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JUST GOT MY NEW HAT LOVE LIKE IT?
VERY PRETTY PET— $40.00 DID YOU SAY?
ISN'T MY NEW GOWN A DEAR, HUBBY?
VERY DEAR MY LOVE $150.00 WAS IT?
ISN'T MY NEW COAT CHIC SWEET? ONLY $300
WHAT? MORE?
ISN'T THIS A SHAME PET? NOW I'LL HAVE TO GET ALL NEW THINGS!
THIS IS TOO MUCH!
FASHION NOTES ENTIRE CHANGE IN STYLE WOMEN'S GARMENTS
Colin Wallington

THE HALL-ROOM BOYS

Lord Perkinson Forgets and the Boys Get in Trouble

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SAY PERRY OLD MAN, DO US A FAVOR AND DRIVE AROUND IN YOUR AUTO AND GET US WHEN THE STORE CLOSES TO-NIGHT. WE WANT TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION ON THE GIRLS. KNOWING A REAL LORD WILL BOOST US IN THEIR ESTIMATION.
STILL UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS I SEE. SURE— I'LL BE THERE. ANY PRETTY GIRLS?
1
SO THAT'S LORD PERKINSON IS IT? THEN YOU REALLY KNOW HIM?
AINT HE GRAND.
YES, HIS LORDSHIP IS CALLING FOR US IN HIS AUTO TO-NIGHT. BE DOWN AT THE ENTRANCE WHEN THE STORE CLOSES AND I'LL INTRODUCE HIM TO YOU.
2
AH— HERE'S HIS LORDSHIP NOW.
YES MISS NITTY, WHEN HIS LORDSHIP SEES YOU, HE'LL LOSE HIS HEART TO YOU.
3
COME TO THINK OF IT GIRLS, HIS LORDSHIP HAD AN ENGAGEMENT, SO THAT'S WHY HE COULDN'T COME HIMSELF. HOWEVER, SOME NIGHT I'LL GET HIM TO TAKE YOU ALL FOR A RIDE
1
YOUNG MEN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY AUTO? EXPLANATIONS ARE UNNECESSARY. COME— GET OUT.
AINT THEY THE NERVE? THE BOSSES WHIZZ WAGON TOO.
5
SAY PERRY, YOU MADE US LOOK LIKE A COUPLE OF CHEAP SKATES LAST NIGHT ALL RIGHT. WHY IN THUNDER DIDN'T YOU SHOW UP?
BY JOVE, I CLEAN FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT. HOW WILL TO-NIGHT DO?
WE'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT IN THE STORE
6